

# The WAR CRY



William Booth  
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada East & Newfoundland

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101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

The SALVATION ARMY

Territorial Headquarters  
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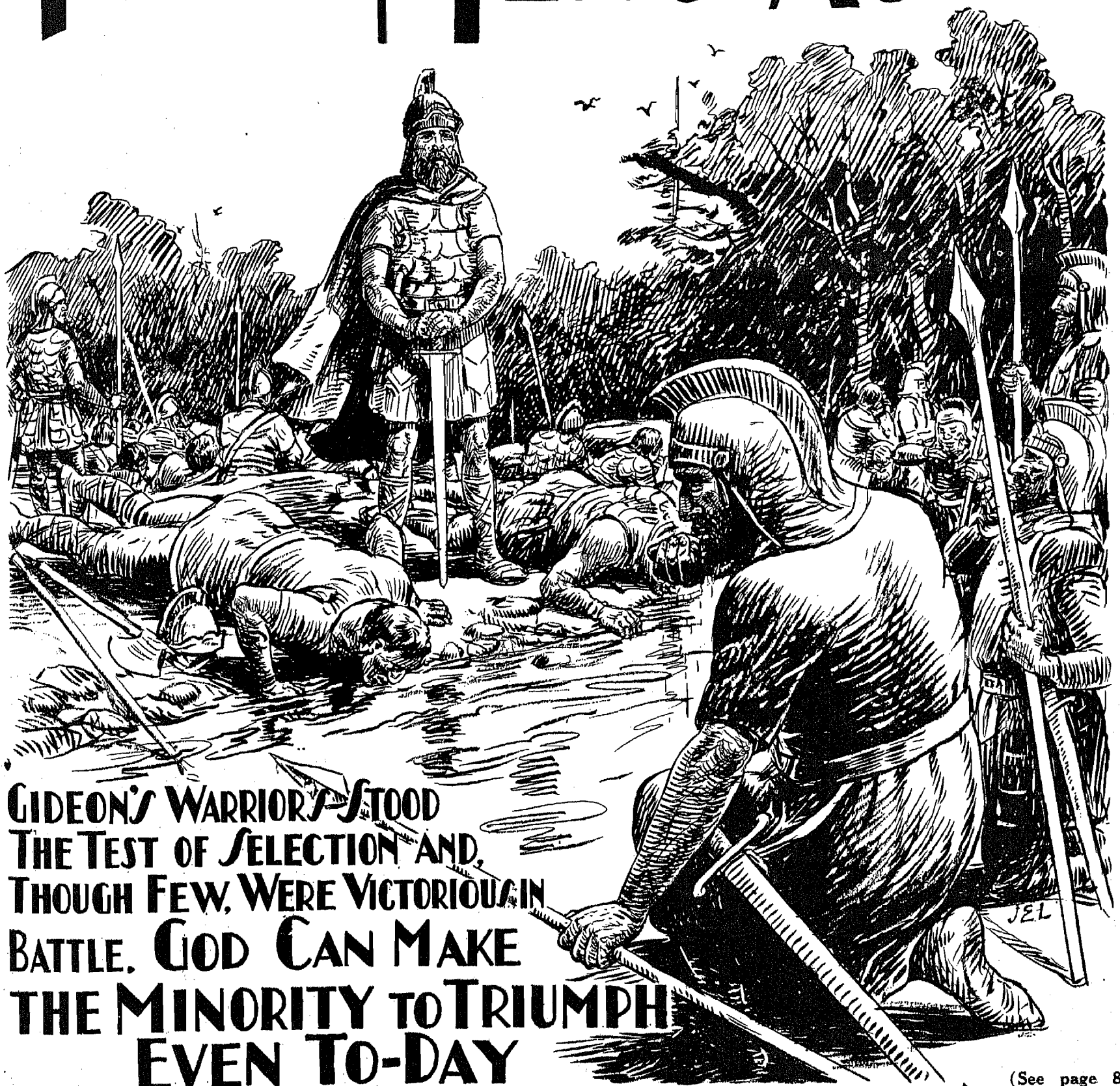
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JAMES HAY, Commissioner.

## THE CALL IS FOR THE MEN OF ACTION



GIDEON'S WARRIORS STOOD  
THE TEST OF SELECTION AND,  
THOUGH FEW, WERE VICTORIOUS IN  
BATTLE. GOD CAN MAKE  
THE MINORITY TO TRIUMPH  
EVEN TO-DAY

(See page 8)

# SLAVES in this MODERN AGE

**T**HE most startling thing about sin is its power to enslave. Jesus said, "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin," and everyday life and experience proves the saying to be true. Let a boy or a man tell a lie and he is henceforth the servant of falsehood unless freed by a higher power. Let the bank clerk misappropriate funds, let the business man yield to a trick in trade, let the young man surrender to the clamor of lust, let the youth take an intoxicating glass, and henceforth he is a slave. The cord that holds him may be light and silken, and he may boast himself free, but he deceives himself; he is no longer free, he is a bondman.

## The Power of Choice

We may choose the path in life we will take; the course of conduct; the friends with whom we will associate; the habits we will form, whether good or bad; but having chosen the ways of sin, we are then swept on without further choice with a swiftness and certainty to hell, just as a man who chooses to go on board a ship is taken to the destined harbor, however much he may wish to go elsewhere. We choose, and then we are chosen; we grasp and then we are grasped by a stronger power than ourselves, like the man who takes hold of the poles of an electric battery; he grasps, but he cannot let go at will; like the man who took the baby boa-constrictor and trained it to coil about him, but when grown it crushed him, as though he were an egg-shell.

Just so the sinner is in the grasp of a higher power than his own. He chooses drink, dancing, gambling, worldly pleasure, or human wisdom and fame and power, but soon finds himself captive, only to be surely crushed and ruined forever, unless de-

## HOW YOU MAY BE SAVED

You must recognize that you are a sinner in the sight of God and that you are in danger of losing your soul. You must be willing to give up wrongdoing of every kind, and put right, as far as possible, any wrong you may have done. If you are willing in this fashion you may safely rely upon God's willingness through Christ to hear your cry for pardon.

livered by some power outside himself. What shall he do? Is there hope? Is there a deliverer? Yes, thank God, there is. Jesus said, "Whom the Son maketh free, is free indeed."

## THE FAMILY ALTAR

Sunday, Sept. 21st, Psalm 135:1-21

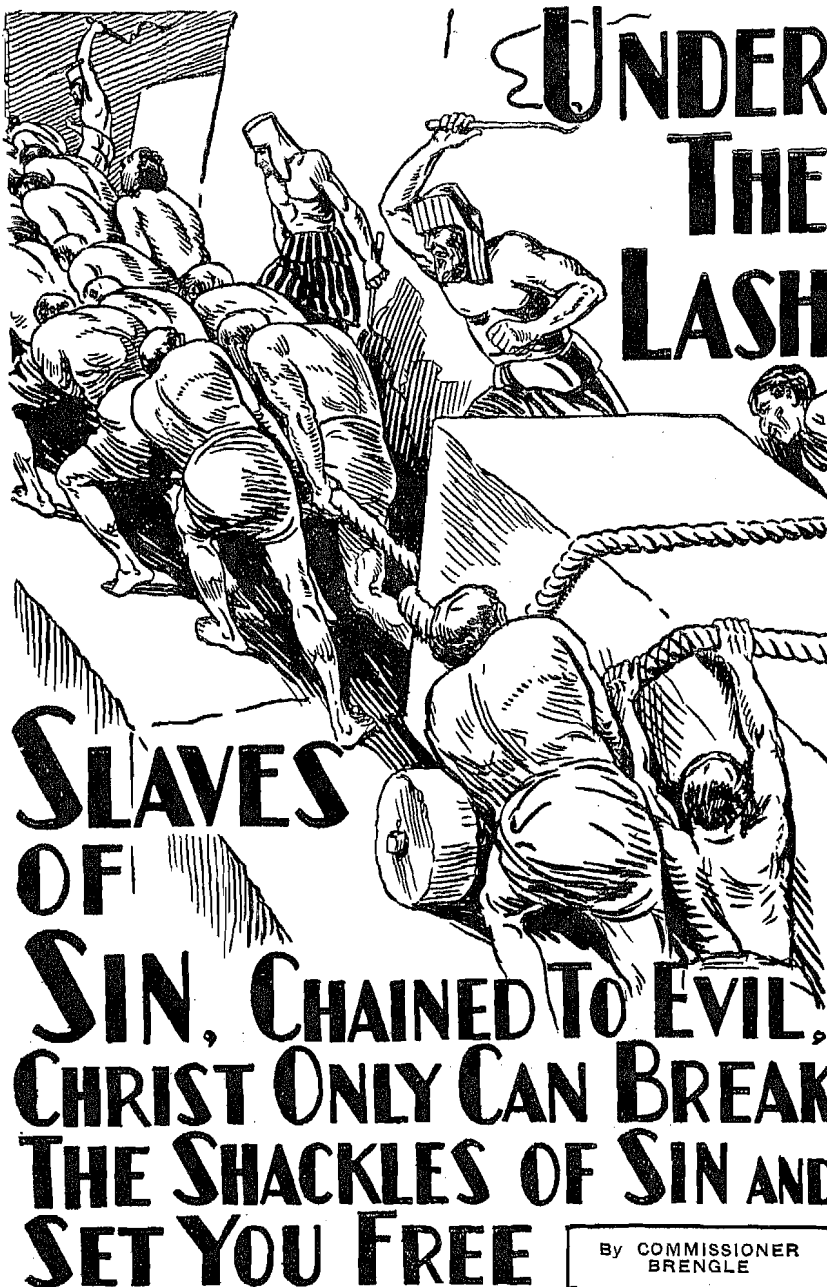
**"THE IDOLS OF THE HEATHEN ARE . . . THE WORK OF MEN'S HANDS."**—As you walk through the Indian bazaars you can often see the idol-makers working at the images. Then later on, when the priests have blessed the idols, the same image-makers will worship them! How can they respect a god which they have made with their own hands, for "they that make them are like unto them"?

Song Book—No. 700.

Monday, Sept. 22nd, Psalm 136:1-12  
**"HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER."**—This Psalm may have been sung at the laying of the foundation of the Second Temple, for this refrain is quoted on that occasion (Ezra 3:11). In the midst of their difficulties the Jews encouraged themselves by remembering God's former goodness. You try the same plan to-day.

Song Book—No. 388.

Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, Psalm 136:13-26  
**"WHO GIVETH FOOD TO ALL."**—There is an old Indian



Let the sinner cry to Jesus and he will break the lion's jaw, and paralyze the serpent's mighty coil, and turn back the current of the devil's electricity, and set the enslaved captives free. Glory to God!

Some years ago as I was passing out of a church near Boston, one Sunday night, a young man, an artist, stopped me and said, "Brother Brengle, do you mean to say that Jesus can save a man from all sin?"

"Yes sir," I replied, "that is exactly what I mean to say."

"Well, if He can," said he, "I want him to save me, for I am the victim

of a habit that masters me. I struggle and vow and make good resolutions, but fail again and again, and I want deliverance."

I pointed him to Jesus. We prayed and the work was done. Glory to God! He remained in and around Boston for six months, shining and shouting for Jesus, and then went to California. Eleven years later I went to San Francisco. One day, I heard a knock on my door. A man entered, looked at me, and enquired, "Do you know me?"

I replied, "Yes, sir, you are the young man that Jesus saved from a

were some of the things we most disliked.

Song Book—No. 331.

Friday, Sept. 26th, Psalm 139:1-12

**"THE DARKNESS HIDETH NOT FROM THEE."**—Are you afraid of the dark? Do you ever lie awake trembling, thinking of the horrors it may hold? Next time you are frightened lift up your heart to God and ask Him to comfort and calm you. Remember He is close beside you, keeping you from harm and evil. Thank him for His love and care, and soon you will fall asleep.

Song Book—No. 685.

Saturday, Sept. 27th, Psalm 140:1-13

**"DELIVER ME . . . PRESERVE ME . . . KEEP ME."**—Let us start this morning with these three short prayers and use them through the day. They will cover all our circumstances and the many temptations which come to try us. Remember prayer is not only for morning and evening, but it is our privilege to be in constant touch with God throughout the day.

Song Book—No. 762.

## IF ALL THE SKIES

*If all the skies were sunshine,  
Our faces would be fain  
To feel once more upon them  
The cooling splash of rain.*

*If all the world were music  
Our hearts would often long  
For one sweet strain of silence,  
To break the endless song.*

*If life were always merry,  
Our souls would seek relief,  
And rest from weary laughter  
In the quiet arms of grief.*—Henry van Dyke.

bad habit about twelve years ago, near Boston."

"Yes," said he, "and He saves me still."

"Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed."

This freedom is altogether complete. Jesus told the disciples to loose a colt that was tied and bring it to Him. Mark tells us that he loosed the tongue of a dumb man, and he spake plain. John tells us that when Lazarus came forth from the grave he was "bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, loose him and let him go."

## For This Purpose

Now John uses exactly the same Greek word when he says of Jesus, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy (loose) the works of the devil."

In other words, he whom Jesus makes free is loosed from the works of the devil—unhitched from them—as fully as was the colt from the post to which it was tied, or as was Lazarus from his grave clothes. Hallelujah! The sinner is bound to his guilty past, but Jesus forgives and forgets it, and he is no longer subject to the penalty of the broken law.

The converted man is bound to his inbred sin, Jesus looses him and he is free indeed. It is a complete deliverance, a perfect liberty, a heavenly freedom that Jesus gives, by bringing the soul under the law of liberty, which is the law of LOVE.

## A RACE AND A PRIZE

### Joy of Intimate Fellowship

**W**HAT is the prize of the Christian's race? We sometimes hear it referred to as eternal life. But we know that nothing we can do can win eternal life—that is a free gift to all who accept Christ. Paul gives us a hint in I Corinthians 9:27, that part of it is the approval of the Lord Jesus Christ, for he expresses the danger of himself being "disapproved" after having preached to others.

But that is not the whole prize. We find the other clue in Philipians 3:7-9 where Paul tells us that he counted everything as refuse that he might win Christ and be found in him. It is the prize of the joy of intimate fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ that is the great goal.

When you think of your best earthly friend and how you would do anything for such a friend, and how you constantly long to know that friend better, and have him know and understand you better, you have but a faint conception of the great prize in store for every Christian who is willing to run the race according to the rules laid down by the Lord Jesus Christ.

## A LIVING SACRIFICE

**I**T IS said that an old Roman colon bore the figure of an ox standing midway between an altar and a plow. Underneath were the words, "Ready for either." But the Christian might write under such a figure, "Ready for both," for that will ever be the spirit of the true Christian.

In Romans 12:1 Paul writes, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

## SIGNED PLEDGE IN CHRISTIAN MISSION HALL

Rt. Hon. Geo. Lansbury's Striking Tribute to the Founder and The Army Mother

THE Rt. Hon. Geo. Lansbury, M.P., First Commissioner for Works in the British Parliament, presiding over a crowded gathering in Regent Hall, London, on a recent Sunday afternoon, when Colonel Mary Booth was conducting the week-end campaign prior to her departure to take charge of the Central American and West Indies (West) Territory, and gave an inspiring talk on The Army's worldwide work, paid a splendid tribute to the Organization and its Founder.

He spoke of his boyhood days in Whitechapel, when he was brought close to William and Catherine Booth, whose memory and achievements he declared to be unforgettable.

With his brother he had taken the Pledge "in a place dedicated to the Christian Mission." Vivid in his mind was the impression of The Army Mother, whom he heard on Mile End Waste and "in the Halls along there," and of her capacity for causing the young people thereabouts to realize the strength of her mother love for them.

"Every single miracle of Christ," declared the speaker, "had to do with the bodies and lives of men, and it was William and Catherine Booth who were first in their day and generation to couple up social service with true-hearted religion."

## ONE MAN'S WAY

A Thrilling Story Told in Eight Spasms

1. Pedro Gomez started his career as page boy in the Court of Spain.
2. Came a revolution; he served as a lieutenant in the rebel army. Captured, he was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot.
3. Through his previous association with court life and the influence of the late Primo de Rivera, Spanish Dictator, he was pardoned.
4. Leaving Spain, he travelled as cook aboard a liner bound for Havana, Cuba.
5. While in Havana he met Mrs. Brigadier Walker on board a ferry-boat selling the "Grido de Guerra" ("The War Cry"). In the course of

(Continued at foot of column 4)

# DELIVERANCE OF A DEAN

"I Threw Everything to the Winds . . . But The Salvation Army has Rescued me from Perdition," says the Writer of this sad Story of Prodigality

WONDERFULLY impressionable are the days of youth! As a boy, in the Market Square of a country town, I heard a few voices singing:

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, Or you won't go to Heaven when you die."

A flying visit was being paid by a Salvation Army scouting party. I listened nonchalantly and passed on. But a seed was sown.

The years rolled on. I went from preparatory school to grammar school and university, and in due time



In the Market Square I heard a few voices singing

I entered the Church. Life opened up well; my people were wealthy, so that I was able to travel far and wide before settling down.

My work began under promising conditions, and finally I became dean of a great cathedral in a country overseas, which, for obvious reasons, I do not wish to name. It was here that I allowed my ambition to get the mastery of me. I undertook a multitude of responsibilities at the expense of nerve and tissue. My doctor said that if I took an occasional stimulant it would give me "tone" and "vim." Acting on this pernicious advice I gradually became a slave to the alcohol habit until I was actually consuming a bottle of whisky daily—and, indeed, sometimes more. Being strong physically, apparently I resisted the

ravages of the poison. I continued secretly to drink for many months, to the deep grief of my mother who alone knew my awful weakness of will.

Then my mother died, and I threw everything to the winds; gave up my position; sold my property and home, and for a while thought of nothing else than satisfying the craving for strong drink. Friends tried to arouse me to a sense of duty to myself; they failed!

Realising my jeopardy, I voluntarily went to a sanatorium for six months. This also was a failure, for when I came away, after the treatment, I at once resorted to artificial stimuli. Then a specialist suggested a long sea voyage. Sensing that I must really do something in a desperate endeavor to stem the tide, I took his advice and placed myself in the care of a ship's doctor. That good man certainly did his best to eradicate the habit by an appeal to reason and withholding the means for gratifying the craving for drink.

## Suicide or the Workhouse

Alas! when we reached Liverpool I once more became enchained. In Liverpool I lived in a first-class hotel, but in time the hotel manager became alarmed at the quantity of alcohol I was drinking and called in a doctor. Subsequently I was removed to a so-called "Nursing-Home," where I became aware that, instead of receiving recognized treatment for alcoholism, I was being drugged in some way.

Financially, too, I was sinking lower and lower and soon there could be only one end, suicide or the workhouse. One day I eluded the watchfulness of the nursing staff and walked out of the "Home," called a taxi, and, at a suburban station, entrained for a southern watering-place, where I trusted I might find a close friend whom I hoped would help me financially. I reached the town only to learn that my friend had died some months previously!

Meantime, alarmed at my disappearance, the "Home," people had set

Men and women of all classes and creeds find refuge and help under The Army's roof. Read this remarkable autobiographical sketch by one of "the upper ten"



about tracing my whereabouts and, finally, a male nurse found me and brought me back to Liverpool. Here I disclosed my financial state and all interest in me suddenly faded.

In my mentally and physically weakened condition I said, "What can I do now?"

With a sneer came the reply, "Try The Salvation Army."

The Salvation Army! My mind flew to that summer evening years before when, as a lad, I had heard that little band singing in the Market Square:

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, Or you won't go to Heaven when you die."

That was it—in spite of my religious pretensions, I had not really loved the Lord!

## Valued Friendships

That night I slept at The Army Hostel in Norton Street; in the morning I stated my case to the Officer in charge. He prayed with me, and for me, and I found help in my time of need. Then he gave me a letter of introduction to the Headquarters of the Men's Social Work, in London, and next day found me there being interviewed and counselled. A definite plan for life and action was placed before me, and two days afterwards, at an Army meeting, I was converted, really converted. From that day, by the grace and power of God, there has been no looking back.

I cannot begin to speak adequately of the many kindnesses I have received from, and of the valued friendships I have formed in The Army; of the many and varied opportunities for service that have been afforded me; or of the deep spiritual experiences I have enjoyed.

I could go back overseas to the position I once occupied—a position in a learned profession, honorable and important. But I feel it is the will of God that I should remain as I am. Why? Because, in a deep and real sense, I have learned to be "a lover of the Lord." The principle of His life has passed into my soul, and I am living in daily personal relations with Jesus Christ. The old temptation has gone; the power of the drink is broken. Working for God, The Salvation Army has rescued me from perdition, and under its Banner I have discovered anew the cleansing power of the Precious Blood.

(Continued from column 1)  
conversation he inquired concerning The Army.

6. He accepted an invitation to a meeting that night; result, his conversion.

7. Promoted to be an Envoy, Pedro obtained employment on the Havana docks in order that he might be of some service to The Army.

8. He now accompanies Brigadier Jose Walker to many of the large military camps and tells the story of his conversion. Sometimes as many as 1,200 men compose his audience. Another of his recent achievements was the procuring of over 700 regular subscribers to the work of The Army.

# FINGERS THAT SPOKE

Brought to a lonesome Soul a Golden Period

NOT one person in the village was acquainted with the deaf and dumb alphabet. Martha Lee felt dimly lonesome. For many long days she had envisioned the joys of spending a Summer with her Aunt, but the possibility of conversational isolation never crossed her mind, until she got there and found out the terrible truth.

The first days were not particularly bothersome. She lived with her thoughts, and when some ebullient idea would clamor for utterance, pencil and paper were at hand. But that system of management soon became tiresome.

She began to miss the voiceless chatter of the folk at home, who had acquired skill in forming words with their fingers, so that she might converse with them. How she longed now to render silently audible the flood of impressions that raced back and forth in her mind. The sunsets were simply glorious. But she could talk with no one about them. She delighted to watch the little birds, to observe the delicate throb and swell in the robin's throat at song-time, and the quiver of its beak. Of course she could not hear its dulcet warblings, but her imagination gave her much more of the glory and wonder

of it all than perhaps many normal sound-sated mortals would receive! Yet she could not tell.

One day she had a visitor.

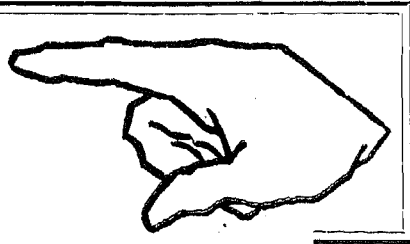
"A young lady has come to have a chat with you," her aunt wrote on a slip of brown wrapping paper. Martha looked up with an expression of infinite delight. Visitors were rare. Framed in the doorway was a Salvation lassie.

The two young women silently shook hands, and exchanged smiles, and felt thoroughly acquainted.

"It will be awfully awkward talking with pencil and paper," Martha thought, sadly, as she took her seat, "but I am glad . . ."

She broke off in the middle of this noiseless expression. The Army lady was talking, and in Martha's sign language! The girl's eyes danced for joy.

"One of our people told me about you," the Officer was saying. Her fingers stumbled once or twice. Lack of practice had reduced their skill. But bright eyes followed and picked up the remarks, and quick fingers ran



off replies so rapidly that at first the Captain had to beg for reduced speed!

"I learnt this alphabet while in the Life-Saving Guards," continued the Officer, "and acquired a measure of skill when instructing the other girls. I never imagined," she added, her fingers flashing out the cryptic signals, "that I should put the knowledge to such practical use."

In another half-hour the Officer had continued on her visitation round. But she left behind an entirely different Martha, a Martha with bright, thrilled face, and mind running riot with the gracious words she had "heard" from the Captain's fingers.

Every week after that, until Martha went home, her half-hour chat with the Captain stood out in joyous relief as The Golden Period.

The Officer concerned is Captain Janet Kelly, of Whitby, Ont.—Editor.

There are Boundless Opportunities for Service in The Army



# WOMAN'S POINT of VIEW

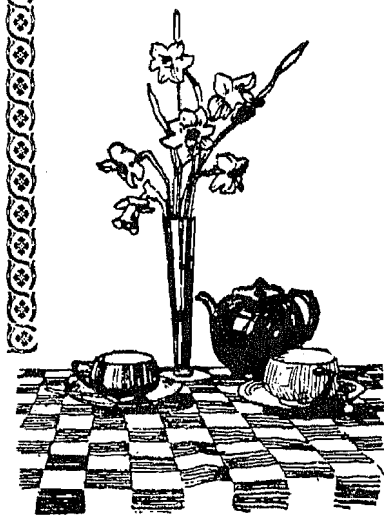
A page for old women, middle-aged women and young women; for single women, married women and hope-to-be married women — in short, a page for all women!

## THE TENT-MAKER'S WIFE

ABOUT A WOMAN WHO COUNTED

ONE of the most interesting Bible women was Priscilla, the wife of Aquila. The two seem to have been inseparable. One is hardly ever mentioned without the other. It is difficult to speak of them singly. Let either

figure. She was a fellow laborer with Paul, sharing his missionary work, as well as the leader of a small house-church. She was a woman who counted, and that not in any secondary way, "exercising," as one



### WHEN THE CHILDREN ASK FOR JAM

"MOTHER, may I have a piece of bread with jam on it?"

Mother nods her approval and proceeds to furnish the requested delicacy. "Put lots of jam on it, mother. I don't care if the bread isn't thick."

This little monologue has been heard by countless mothers since the generation when some one first learned how to make a jam, a jelly, or a preserve. Young Canada, young Europe, youngsters everywhere, are born with the proverbial "sweet tooth," and it does not take them long to notify their parents of this fact.

After all, we who study dietetics rather feel that these requests are urged by old Mother Nature herself. It is very easy to furnish a child with too many heavy foods that are hard to digest. Seldom does the child secure sufficient of the necessary minerals and vitamins. When the child secures plenty of his favorite jam or jelly, he not only adds to his stock of minerals and vitamins, but he furnishes his hard working little body with liberal quantities of sugar—that food which is needed as fuel.

It is wise, therefore, to see to it that your larder always contains plenty of these foods, and the following novel recipes will help you to introduce a pleasant variety.

#### SEEDLESS BLACKBERRY JAM

The seeds of blackberries are very objectionable to many, so it is well to get rid of them. Mash berries, cook in their own juice until thoroughly heated, then remove seeds by pressing through a fine sieve. Measure pulp and liquid and allow one cup sugar for each pint. Add sugar to pulp and cook rapidly until thick, stirring frequently. Pack in clean, hot jars and seal.

#### PRESERVED YELLOW TOMATOES

For each pound of small, yellow tomatoes, use three-fourths pound of sugar and one lemon. Tomatoes about the size of small plums are very desirable. Pour boiling water over them and cover tightly for two minutes, then quickly drain and cover with cold water. This will loosen skins. Peel tomatoes, being careful not to break them. If skins will not come off, treat them again with boiling water. Place the sugar and tomatoes in a crock or enamel dish and let stand overnight. Drain off juice and boil rapidly until it threads. Add tomatoes and the thinly-sliced lemons. Cook until clear and thick. Seal in clean, hot jars.

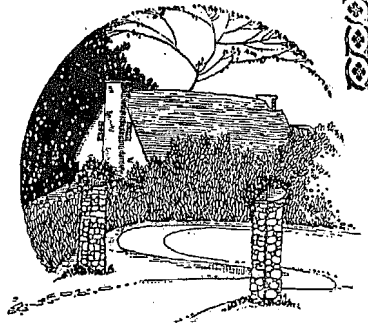
### WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH ORANGES

Serve in orange shells as a salad with chopped parsley, some peeled white grapes, a few chopped almonds, and orange juice, and top with a little mayonnaise.

Fill large shells with jelly and decorate with cream.

Cut off tops, put a little lemon juice and sugar mixed together into each orange, cover with lids, and bake in a casserole with a little water and sugar. Serve with whipped cream.

Peel and slice the oranges, sprinkle with sugar, and put in deep dish. Make on top. Make egg whites into meringue a custard with egg yolks only, and pour and spread on top.



### A MONARCH AMONG BABIES

THE dimpled monarch of babydom at the Canadian National Exhibition was Ian Sinclair Macpherson, a young Scotsman, nine months old (says the Toronto "Star"). Carrying off the crown at the annual Labor Day baby show, little Ian accepted the honors with the sang froid of a seasoned champion.

First, out of six hundred entries, he sat calmly enthroned on huge baby scales, while photographers stormed about him.

Ian's father and mother have been in Canada only two and a half years.

Sun plays an important role in the life of his baby majesty. Every day he is out in his buggy or kicking in the sunshine.

But his mother doesn't overdo the sunbaths, and so baby Ian's skin is pink and white and his fair curls are scattered over his head in a shower of glinting gold. His eyes are as blue as the sky into which he gazes most of the time with supreme indifference to the happenings of the world about him. His mother is a believer in natural feeding. But in addition, this young monarch of the baby world now begins the day with a cream of wheat. For what is a Scotchman without his porridge? He also has his moments for cooked carrots and yolk of egg and thrives on this homely fare. Ian tips the scales at eighteen pounds.

During the three hours of judging, the six hundred babies entered consumed thirty-two pounds of arrowroot biscuits, distributed at psychological moments.

### RALLY DAY — SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th



"Hello, Dad! What do you think? The Army Captain's just been and she's asked Mother whether we can join The Army Company meetings. Mother says we can, if you agree. Say 'Yes,' Dad."

### PARENTS, REMEMBER YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

name be spoken, and the other follows hard on its heels. In the year A.D. 50 Paul arrived in Corinth as a stranger. Probably one of the first things he would do would be to go in search of a job. In the Jewish quarter he found Aquila, a tent-maker, who apparently took on the Apostle as an "extra hand." Aquila was, in company with many Jews and Christians of the period, something of a nomad, and his wife shared his journeyings from Rome to Corinth, from Corinth to Ephesus. With them Paul lodged in Corinth. Priscilla was a woman of some personality. The fact that her name usually precedes her husband's may point to her actual pre-eminence. She was no faint echo of him. As she took part in the fuller Christian instruction of Apollos, a man of culture, setting him right on various matters, she was evidently a woman of intelligence, and knew well how to apply that intelligence to profitable Christian service.

#### Church in a Home

Their house would be used for purposes of Christian fellowship. Christian homes had to serve in those days as churches. "The church in thy house," is an apostolic phrase. It would be of interest to know exactly the part she played in those household churches. Would she instruct the converts at Ephesus? Would not the stamp of her personality at least as much as that of her husband's be upon that church. There are partnerships in which we in our imperfect phraseology say that the wife is the better man of the two, more intelligent and in every way more capable. That has at times been true of the wives of ministers, as of business men. Whether the man in such a partnership is to be envied, all depends on the woman.

So far as Christian activity goes Harnack thinks she was the leading

writer has said, "an effective and manifold, though undefined, ministry." She held a real "cure of souls."

### THE BIG MOMENT IN A CHILD'S LIFE

TOO often the big moment in a small child's life is wholly overlooked, not even recognized many times, by the parents. These moments are very important.

When Bobby was taken out for the first time on a star-lit night, he wondered at the glory of the heavens. In his early-to-bed regime he had never stood under a sky with twinkling stars and as he looked he marveled and suddenly tightening his grip on his mother's hand he said joyously: "Why, Mother, I fink I almost see God." This was indeed a big moment. Fortunately for Bobby, he had a mother who understood, she knew that her child had visualized God in his power more than he had ever done in his baby life, before. This moment needed her attention.

Billy, who was a sadly wilful child and was always being checked or chided, quite unaccountably did an unusually kind, self-sacrificing act. When he realized that he had been responsible for this voluntary goodness, he said in great surprise: "Why, Muvver, I isn't all bads, is I?" This was a big moment in his life, and his mother, recognizing the truth of his statement, began at once to take a different course in her training of Billy. To-day Billy and she have found out that her small son has many more "goods" than "bads" and they are both enjoying the quest for them. Billy has to be punished only rarely now because in a moment when his own self awakened to his actions

No parent can afford to miss these moments of great import



his mother awakened also.

Little Betty, who sat upon the floor with a large family of dolls surrounding her, said with quiet decision: "I want to be a real mother of real children some day, Mother." She wasn't laughed at nor told not to be thinking such silly things yet, she was helped in her awakening moment. Taking her on her lap her mother told her that to be a mother was one of the most wonderful things on earth and that both she and Betty were already interested in just that thing. Then the mother told her that each day she would try to help her in the things that went to make for lovely motherhood.

Can any parent afford to miss these moments?—moments when the soul of the child begins to be felt by itself; moments when some divine touch reaches the child and opens up the future pathway of life.



# IN THE LAND OF NIPPON

Canadian Missionary Officers Spend Useful Years on the King's Business in The Orient

**A** MERE stripling he seemed when, eight and a half years ago young Captain Kenneth Barr turned his face westward in obedience to an urge that was Divine in origin and thus could be none other than fruitful in effect. He returns from Japan—the land of his labors—with a gracious and able partner, who also is a Canadian Officer, and with two little ones—Laura and Joseph, the last named doubtless being the name-sake of his grandfather, Colonel Joseph Barr, Territorial Commander of Korea.

To one who served with the Ensign when he held the "august" office of Sergeant in the old Sherbourne Street Training Garrison (1920-1921 Session) an outstanding trait was his energetic habits; from what can be extracted in conversation this trait has not been less evident in his work among the fascinating peoples of Nippon. At one time, besides his ordinary work as Cashier at the Territorial Headquarters (no light job at that!) he was giving tuition to no fewer than four Bands! Three of these were Tokio Bands, while the fourth entailed a train journey of three hours. Leaving the office about 3.30 p.m. on practice day, he would catch the 4 o'clock train, reaching the town, about forty miles distant, at 7 p.m. A hasty meal at the Quarters would probably consist of a bowl of hot rice, egg and chicken mash, peas and pickles. Sharp at 7.30 his handful of Bandsmen would be "ready for business," as keen as mustard. A rigid rehearsal would follow, lasting until 10 p.m.

The Ensign would then retire to sleep the sleep of the just until shortly after sun-rise, when he would be again astir in readiness for a practice prior to catching his train. Prompt

at 5.30 his eager pupils would be once more assembled and for three-quarters of an hour would be intent on mastering a simple hymn-tune, or even delving into the more intricate Second Series music. With a hasty adieu he would dash for the train and be back at his desk ready for another day's work, by 9.30 a.m.

The Ensign became greatly attached to these men and counted it no hardship to give of his best, although the outcome was not all that he could have wished. He once devoted a week of his furlough to their interests. Two practices a day were held and occasionally some of the men would

and family missing. With fear clutching at his heart he made eager inquiries of the stricken people on every hand; to his unbounded joy he at length discovered his wife and children safe and sound.

But what of their home? A heap of ruins was all that remained, from which they were able to retrieve but very little. On taking stock of their plight they decided it would be in the best interests of the family if they separated to return to their respective relatives. This they did, the mother taking the children and journeying in one direction, the father going in the opposite direction.

Territorial Headquarters. The Home Minister was bled to preside and it was learned that he had refused eleven other engagements in order to fulfil his promise to The Army.

On the day of the opening he was called to a conference with the Emperor. As the hour drew near for his appointment he began to feel apprehensive lest he be delayed; still the conference continued without a sign of cessation. At the last minute the Home Minister took the liberty of addressing the Emperor, courteously asking what he should do in the circumstances. The reply of His Majesty was quick and cordial: "Go, by all



Ensign and Mrs. Barr and their two children photographed with Bandsmen of the Kyobashi Corps. The Band at this Corps has the longest record of unbroken service among Japanese Bands

## TO THE LAND OF ETERNAL DAY

**BROTHER M. MATTHEWS,  
BROTHER J. BOUNDS,  
North Sydney**

We have recently laid to rest another of our faithful old warriors, Brother Manuel Matthews, late of New Glasgow Corps. Our comrade was eighty-four years of age, and he and his aged wife have been loyal Soldiers for many years.

The Funeral service was conducted by our own Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Everitt. At the Memorial service Brother J. Scott, who was acquainted with our comrade in his earlier days, spoke feelingly.

Our prayers and sympathy are with Sister Mrs. Matthews, who alone bears the loss of her loved one.

The following week Brother John Bounds, another old Soldier of the Corps, was laid to rest, he being the third of our veteran warriors to be promoted to Glory in the space of six weeks. Our prayers and sympathy are also with Sister Mrs. Bounds and family.

**BROTHER WIDEMAN,  
Kitchener**

Dad Wideman, the oldest Soldier of Kitchener Corps, passed suddenly to his reward on August 24th. The Funeral service was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman, assisted by Ensign and Mrs. Dickinson of Hamilton VIII. The Hall was filled to capacity at both services which bespoke of the high esteem in which this faithful old warrior is held.

snatch an hour during the day for some individual tuition under the Ensign's guidance.

The Band made encouraging headway and was watched with no little interest by the townspeople. The Ensign seemed to have set the pace for Bands, in organizing this combination, for soon the local theatre and a school formed bands, but neither became quite so proficient, according to general opinion, as The Army Band. It is a tribute both to the ability and the principle of one of "our" Bandsmen to know that when offered a lucrative position in the school band, he refused, choosing rather to remain loyal to The Army.

Among the Tokio Bands the Ensign conducted was the first Army Band organized in the country, which has preserved its identity from its inception in 1923. It was our comrade's pleasure to come into contact with some of God's jewels here. Of these we must make mention of the Band Sergeant:

In the disastrous earthquake of 19—this brother loyally stood by his employer, assisting him in salvaging his goods. Having done all he could he rushed hot-foot across the debris-strewn city to his own home, fearing the worst and hoping for the best, at every step. To his dismay, although scarcely to his surprise, he found his house in ruins and his wife

Previous to commencing his journey he called upon the Ensign, with a huge pack on his back containing what household and personal effects he possessed. With fine chivalry he handed the Ensign the mouthpiece of his instrument, apologizing at the same time for being unable to return the instrument, which had been destroyed in the 'quake. The Ensign was greatly affected by this manly act and urged him to retain the mouthpiece and when discouraged or tempted to lower the standard of Salvationism, to take out the mouthpiece and remember the associations it represented. The Band Sergeant was delighted with the suggestion and declared that he would return to Tokio and hoped to be able again to take an instrument and to play it "all the way to Glory."

In his position of Manager of the Trade Department, Ensign Barr states that one of the most remarkable books in Japan is the "Common People's Gospel," compiled by Commissioner Yamamuro, the Territorial Commander. Ten thousand copies of this inspired little volume are sold annually. It explains in child-like language the Plan of Salvation and includes a beautiful prayer which has directly led to the conversion of many people.

A striking incident is related by the Ensign of the dedication of the new

means." It is not often that it becomes necessary to procure the special dispensation of a reigning monarch on The Army's behalf!

Ensign and Mrs. Barr have been extremely busy since their return, striving to fulfil all the demands made upon them to special at various Corps, and their presence and words have been very acceptable and useful. God bless our comrades!

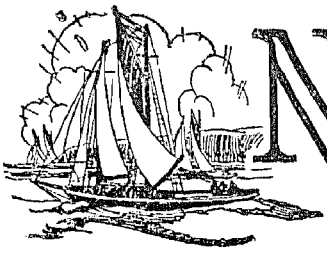
## AFTER MANY YEARS

**KEMPTVILLE** (Captain Green-shields, Lieutenant Hooke)—During the past few weeks Kemptville has been the scene of a spiritual awakening. A backslider, away from God many years, has been restored, and there has been one seeker for Holiness.—F.M.

## A GOOD START

**SIMCOE** (Ensign Collins, Lieutenant Bateman)—In the absence of the Commanding Officer, the Simcoe comrades rallied to the Colors and helped the Lieutenant in splendid style. The visit of Envoy and Mrs. Shrubsole and comrades from Brantford, was appreciated, as was that of Envoy Weaver and comrades from the Toronto Temple.

We have made a good start in our Harvest Festival Effort.—Dauntless.



# Newfoundland News

SUB-TERRITORIAL  
COMMANDER —

LT.-COLONEL JOHN S. BLADIN

SPRINGDALE ST.,  
ST. JOHN'S



## SUB-TERRITORIAL LEADERS

### Spend Sunday at Bay Roberts

The comrades and friends of Bay Roberts gave Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin a warm welcome when the Sub-Territorial Leaders visited them on a recent Sunday. The spirit of freedom was in evidence throughout. As Mrs. Bladin read from the Word of God, in the morning, impressing the importance of living a life of faith and holiness, many were led to examine their own hearts, and consecrations were made and covenants entered into.

At 2 p.m. both the Colonel and Mrs. Bladin visited the Company meeting, each in turn speaking to the children. The attention given was an evidence that they enjoyed the visit of our Leaders. The Senior meeting went with a swing. Hearty congregational singing was a feature. The Colonel spoke most interestingly for about forty minutes on trophies of Grace that he had known.

At night the building was filled to capacity. As the meeting progressed and the Colonel impressed upon his hearers the importance of having some purpose in life, many were led to think of God's claims on them.

Staff-Captain Earle accompanied our Sub-Territorial Leaders and assisted throughout the day. Commandant and Mrs. Caines are the Commanding Officers, and they with their comrades, were delighted with the visit and eager to have another.

## NOTES FROM THE HUB

An invitation has been received by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin to visit Government House.

News from Winterton announces the death of one of the oldest warriors of the Corps, Brother Israel Downey. He had been a Soldier for a number of years, having "fought a good fight." When the Chariot lowered he was ready.

Another well-known figure has been removed from the little town of Wesleyville, for the Call has come to Mother Sainsbury, at the age of eighty-two years. Although not a Salvationist herself, she willingly gave four children to become Officers: Major Rhoda and Mrs. Staff-Captain Earle of St. John's, Field-Major Martin of the U.S.A., and Field-Major Peter of Grand Bank. For about sixty years she had served her Lord, and when the Summons came, Mother Sainsbury gladly obeyed and went to receive her Reward.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Bladin conducted a spiritual meeting with the girls of the Industrial Home on Friday. As she spoke of God's love and impressed the girls of the importance of making a right choice, it was evident the Spirit used the word to good effect.

Ensign Mabel Payne, since taking charge of the Lewisporte Corps, has been stricken down with scarlet fever. Latest reports say that the Ensign is out of danger. Comrades will remember her in their prayers.

Ensign and Mrs. Haggett, Commanding Officers of the all-alive St. John's III Corps, report victory. Souls are being converted every week.

Ensign and Mrs. Jennings, of the Finance Department, have welcomed a baby girl to their home. Mother and babe are doing well.

## "THE ANCHORAGE"

### THE INDUSTRIAL HOME AND ITS WORK

By Mrs. J. E. Johnson, Advisory President of the Industrial Home Association.

TO MANY of the readers of "The War Cry" knowledge of the philanthropic work of The Salvation Army in Newfoundland is vague; to those of us who live in the Island it is very real, and the Industrial Home Association comprehends somewhat of the greatness of its scope.

In the year 1920 some girls, who were serving a term in our town prison for vagrancy, appealed to visitors from the W.C.T.A. to endeavor to find them a home, and give them a chance to reform and be trained in order that they might become worthy citizens of our land.

The appeal was brought before the then existing Social Service Council who, recognizing the need of some such place but being unable to finance anything of the kind, gave us their good wishes, and bidding us God-speed, let the matter rest.

A public meeting of the ladies of St. John's was called, and after discussion an Association was formed. The Jensen Camp Committee of War Workers, no longer needing their buildings, most kindly lent the building used as a home for nurses, for a temporary shelter, and volunteer

workers gave their services to start the work. The site was not the most convenient, and after two years of strenuous endeavor the girls trained there were placed in various situations and Jensen Camp Home closed. The Association still held together, and on the opening of the Grace Hospital, the building hitherto known as the Rescue Home, and owned and equipped by The Salvation Army, was renovated and changed into a combined Rescue and Industrial Home with nursery and hospital ward for non-surgical patients. It is now known as "The Anchorage," and is indeed a haven for many a bewildered and troubled girl, neglected child, or one whose mother must be cared for in hospital, or has passed on to her long rest.

A laundry is attached to the building where suitable work gives employment to the more or less capable girl; a sewing room provides for those whose fingers are gifted and brains oft neglected; bodies marred are happily restored by congenial work and suitable surroundings in conjunction with physical care.

In the nursery, a lovely sunny room, (Continued at foot of column 4)

## TO THE BETTER LAND SISTER MRS. FIZZARD, Grand Bank

Death has visited our ranks at Grand Bank and claimed a well-loved comrade, Sister Mrs. Wm. Fizzard. For many months she had been in failing health. When unable to meet with her comrades in the Hall, which was her delight, she would find some quiet place in her home where she would bring her tired spirit to the God of might and power in Whom she trusted. She left the assurance that all was well.

The Funeral service was a very impressive one; many comrades paid their last tribute to a faithful mother and Soldier. To the sorrowing husband and nine children we extend our sympathy and prayers.

## BROTHER WILSON TIBBS, Grand Bank

Brother Wilson Tibbs, a loving husband and a faithful Soldier, has answered the Call. He returned from the Bank fishery in the early Spring, hoping that in a few days he would be able to again join his mates, but soon it was noticed that he was failing. During his illness he was not heard to murmur although he wished to live for the sake of his wife and little daughter. He "fought a good fight" as was well known by all his comrades. He enjoyed the visits of his comrades and sang with them the songs of Zion. Truly "he died like a warrior; he fell at his post."

The Funeral service was conducted by Field-Major Sainsbury.

Our prayers and sympathy are extended to the bereaved.

## HOME LEAGUE TREASURER MRS. MARSH, Garnish

Death has taken from our Corps Home League Treasurer Mrs. E. Marsh. Our comrade, whenever possible, was found at her post, always doing her best in the interest of the Corps.

Although a great sufferer for a considerable time, she died triumphantly, singing God's praises.

Our comrade's husband is a Local Officer. May God bless and comfort all the bereaved.

The Memorial service was well attended. One sister came to Jesus and was gloriously saved.—W. Porter.

(Continued from column 3)

one finds some twenty tiny tots basking in sunlight and comfort. Some of these find homes with foster parents, others return to mothers with health restored.

The rooms of the matron and helpers are models of neatness and efficiency, and there is a Social Hall where gather the ladies of the Association every week to sew and plan for the upkeep and benefit of the Institution. These ladies represent all denominations and are a happy band of consecrated women, whose lives mean service and efficiency. The President is a member of the United Church, the first vice-president is of the Roman Catholic faith, the writer is a Presbyterian.

Hand in hand, heart to heart we work, happy because of lessons learned, of knowledge gained, and of increased power to serve. Thus would we continue in helping to bring about the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord, and all shall worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Lady Middleton and Lady Squires are patrons of the Association.

## WHERE THE SHUT-INS CAN HELP



PRAY!  
PRAY!  
PRAY!





## "ALL ROUND THE WORLD THE ARMY CHARIOT ROLLS"

### MORE CAPTURES IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK

Visitor From India Gets Converted and Next Night Leads Her Husband to God — Two Sailors Ashore

**T**HRILLING soul-saving scenes have been witnessed in Hyde Park, London's great "lung," during the past few days.

On Sunday evening a man pressed his way through the crowd which had gathered in spite of the rain and knelt on the mat. The second seeker was a woman, a visitor from India, who got blessedly saved, and afterwards testified to that fact. On Tuesday she brought her husband to the Park, and there he, too, sought Salvation. They have been attending the meetings since.

"I've decided to commence to serve Christ to-night as a result of your meeting," said a man to a Salvationist in Hyde Park on Sunday. "I heard you mention the Navy and was interested. When I was an admiral's steward on the *Dominion* years ago, the admiral one day sent me down to find out what was causing the noise underneath his cabin. I found three Salvationists praying. One was called Boorman and another Kennett."

"I remember it," replied Ensign Kennett, the International Headquarters' housekeeper, to whom this man was speaking. "I was one of the three, and Boorman is also an Army Officer now. I was visiting the ship and we had a Prayer-meeting in the cable flat. That must be many years ago."

This dramatic reunion of sailors ashore added to the joy of the Salvationists who on Sunday kept the flag flying in Hyde Park.

### A Traveller's Tales

## At the Casino Tables in Monte Carlo

He Lost Out, But His Failure was the Means of Bringing Rare Fortune to the Gambler

By LT.-COMMISSIONER CUTHBERT

**O**NE of the converts of Nice seems to have been saved almost against his will.

A young man in business in Marseilles, he took it into his head one day to sell his belongings and move to Monte Carlo, where he thought money is easily made. His Casino luck was low, however, and there came at length a time when he had no money to redeem his clothes or to travel home.

In the sorrowful hour of his disillusionment the poverty-stricken young man remembered the Paris address of a friend of his youth. A note asking for advice brought a great surprise, for his friend replied: "I am now a Salvation Army Officer. At this distance I hardly know what advice would best suit your case, nor how best to help you. There is now, however, an Army Corps in Nice. Please go and see our Officer there and he will be able to talk with you and will advise you according to the circumstances. If I were you I would take whatever advice he offers."

"The impudence of such a letter! I don't want The Army or religion," the ruined gambler told himself. But his troubled mind insisted that he had asked his friend for advice and having no alternative plan in his mind he could hardly be so ungracious as to altogether ignore it. "I will go, but I will not listen to anything about religion," he decided, and with this set purpose he felt quite safe as he stood on the doorstep of the Officers'

Quarters, as his friend had advised.

"Oh no, I won't come in!" he responded to kind invitations. "I have a friend, an Army Officer, who wanted me to call and see you, and so to please my friend I have called to-day, but I really won't stay, thank you!" Happily the Nice Officer was a man of tact. "Anyone who is a friend of my comrade is also my friend. You must come in for a chat before you go. I have heard from him this very week, and he has told me about you!" The long conversation which thus commenced ended with the destitute stranger breaking his resolution, listening to and talking about religion, and kneeling before God in true repentance, pleading for the forgiveness of sin.

During the days which followed the convert worked out his Salvation as a gardener, and then, somewhat re-established, as an accountant in a business house. Bit by bit he earned the respect of his fellow citizens and the love and admiration of his comrades. He has developed into an efficient and enthusiastic Salvationist and he hopes to enter the forthcoming Training Session in Paris and to become an Army Officer like his friend, whose advice led him into the Salvation of God.

### "BIG SAM" CHAMPIONS ARMY'S CAUSE

And Gets Captured — Noisy Scenes Witnessed During Late Open-Air Attack

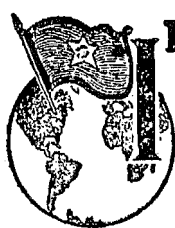
**S**OME strangers who stood around the late Open-air meeting on Saturday night at Maryhill, in the British Territory, were evidently not aware of the fact that disturbance was not allowed, but they were quickly reminded of the fact by the "regular attenders," and noisy scenes were witnessed for a time. Finally, "Big Sam," the terror of the district, stepped into the ring, and dared any one to say another word in opposition to The Army, and stood by the Lieutenant's side till the end of the meeting while an appeal was made for seekers to come to God.

"Big Sam" kept his promise to attend the meeting on Sunday night and got gloriously converted. Sunday night's crowd was the biggest yet and two seekers came forward.

### A SIDE OF BEEF!

And Two Policemen

Two policemen, calling at The Army's Industrial Home for Men at St. Peter's, Sydney, with a side of beef, which they carried between them, said to the Manager, "Your Army picks up poor girls off the streets, and, as we have picked up this we thought you ought to have it to feed your men."



## International Pairs

From Here, There, and Everywhere

"The Nest," one of The Army's Homes for children in London, is well-known to Salvationists.

The Nestlings during their annual Sale of Work and Garden Party gave an hour of delight to the fortunate folk who were present. One of them would have especially interested Canadians, it being "The Winnipeg Citadel March" by the children of the Band. It is doubtful whether the Nestlings have any serious rivals within The Army's ranks for skilful and charming displays. Their nursery rhymes are so popular that every program they give must contain a few specimens or there would be trouble for the Nestlings! On this occasion Mrs. Commissioner Mapp presided and, states "The War Cry" correspondent, showed remarkable knowledge of the children's scholastic achievements.

Visiting Lord and Lady Kinnauld in their Scottish home at Rossie Priory recently, Commissioner Whatmore conducted a Sunday evening service in the private chapel. The villagers of Inchture, and others, were invited. "I was amazed at the attendance," writes the Commissioner. "Most must have travelled miles to reach this sanctuary, and scores of motor-cars were parked in the Priory grounds.

Lady Kinnauld at the organ kept us right in tune and tempo. The record of those who have conducted services there dates back nearly fifty years, and includes the names of such famous men as Arthur Balfour, Henry Drummond, F. B. Meyer, Ian McLaren, Dr. Guinness, and a number of Bishops and other Ministers. I had the honor of being the first Salvationist to write my name there."

Mrs. Brigadier Holdaway who, with her glorified husband the Brigadier, helped to pioneer The Army's Work in Maoriland, called at International Headquarters, in London, the other day, bringing greetings from many Australian and other comrades. Though it is so many years ago that as a child she left Dundee with her parents, sailing in a famous wind-jammer to New Zealand, she has been able to revive many precious memories. Mrs. Holdaway keeps busy as a Salvationist whether ashore or afloat. For the past sixteen years she has been The Army's representative on the Board of the Infectious Diseases Hospital in Melbourne, in which connection she has been able to render appreciated service.

Ensign and Mrs. Bowers have reached England from West Africa, where the Ensign is in charge of the Boys' Home at Labos. The Ensign is, as many know, a Canadian Officer.



## Ceylon's Blood and Fire Session

A Record—Men of All Trades—Kidnapped Cadet

**T**HE Ceylon Territory this year has the largest number of men-Cadets undergoing training that it has ever known, and it is with pardonable pride that we remember that the Training Principal is a Canada East Officer — Adjutant Mabel Bell, whom we congratulate upon her recent elevation to that rank. The Adjutant was a member of the "Diligence" Session and sends hearty greetings to her Session comrades.

Writing of the Cadets who constitute the "Blood and Fire" Session, the Adjutant says:

"The Cadets include Cingalese, Tamil, Malialis and Burgher, and between them they speak Cingalese, Tamil, Malialum and English. There are two Officers' children, one lad and one lassie. One lad, until entering training, was a schoolmaster, and is doing very well as a Cadet. Another lad had an offer to be trained for the ministry, but he chose to enter The Salvation Army. Other occupations followed by the Cadets before they entered training include carpenters, motor drivers, salesman, weaver, book-binder, rubber-tapper, nurse-

maid and domestic servant. So you see they have had a pretty varied experience, and they are very useful here with odd jobs that require to be done about the building."

One of these men-Cadets went home to bid farewell to his parents before entering the Garrison. Just before the Session commenced, however, the Training Officers received a note to say that he had been kidnapped to prevent his becoming an Officer, that no attempt to reply to his letter must be made, but that if they would pray for him he would wait for a way of escape. There was despondency at the Garrison, but prayer changes things, and on the day the Session opened the kidnapped Cadet arrived without an article of his equipment, but happy and smiling. With him he brought a companion whom he had sought out after his own conversion and whom he had led into Salvation and instructed in the teaching of the Bible and the work of The Army.

The kidnapped Cadet is the champion "War Cry" seller of the Session, and is keenly anticipating a successful career of Officership. He certainly made a promising beginning. Adjutant Bell is assisted on the Women's Side by Captain Perera, the daughter of that picturesque Colonel Perera, who accompanied General Bramwell Booth to the Toronto Congress of 1924, the absorbing story of whose life is now appearing in "The Young Soldier."

All success to these Blood and Fire Cadets.



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,  
Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

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All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

Commandant Lydia Dunster (R). Out from New Brompton England, 30.8.88; from Toronto, 25.8.30.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
ORDER OF THE HEADQUARTERS

Second Class (Officers)—

COMMANDER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH  
(Commander-in-Chief, U.S.A.)

In recognition of her twenty-five years' incomparable Command of The Salvation Army Forces in the United States of America, and of noble and generous services rendered in and for many lands.

E. J. HIGGINS,

General.

9.8.1930.

### CANADA EAST

#### MARRIAGE—

Captain Ernest Hutchinson, out from New Waterford, 7.7.27, stationed at Springhill, N.S., and Captain Alice Davies, out from New Waterford, 3.7.24, last appointment St. John II, at New Waterford, on August 26th, 1930, by Major Bristow.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND SUB-TERRITORY APPOINTMENTS—

Captain C. Thompson, to Training Garrison.  
Lieutenant B. Mercer, to Training Garrison.  
Lieutenant Ivy Prior, to Training Garrison.  
Lieutenant Harvey Legge, to Training Garrison.

JAMES HAY,

Territorial Commander.

## THE CALL FOR MEN OF ACTION

(See Frontispiece)

THE Call to-day for men of action in the Salvation warfare is as urgent as ever it was. Warriors with holy alertness, fired with a vivid appreciation of the devastating quality of sin, and of the necessity of utilizing every possible means for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God amongst the children of men, are the need of the hour!

God wants workers for the difficult tasks—select men and women. Can you stand the test of selection? In the time of Gideon, the Judge, Israel's host contained but three hundred fighters who were sufficiently impressed by the seriousness of the situation that faced them to be ever on the *qui vive*, lest the enemy approach them unawares.

This week's "War Cry" frontispiece gives a graphic presentation of the amazing Old Testament narrative concerning Gideon. Refresh your mind again with the story:

Gideon and all the people that were with him, arose up early, and pitched beside the well of Harod: so that the host of the Midianites were on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh, in the valley.

And the Lord said unto Gideon... proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from the Mount Gilead." And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, "The people are yet too many; bring them down to the water and I will try them for thee there"...

(Continued at foot of column 3)

# CONFIDENCE 'MIDST CONFUSION

Remarkable Scenes During the German Congress

Led by

## The CHIEF of the STAFF and MRS. MAPP

THE first sound of the Congress came to Berlin on Saturday night. It floated across the shadowy waters of the Spree from a homecoming boatload of seven hundred Salvationists, singing as only Germans can when memory and heart alike have been stirred. These were our Officers, brought together for a brief reunion, from fighting grounds far and near, many very hard through the Fatherland's long trouble. But "Hallelujah!" rang from the lips of all as they landed.

"The key-note of the Congress will be set in this meeting," declared Commissioner Friedrich early on Sunday morning.

So far as numbers went, it was easily the biggest Holiness meeting ever held in Germany. The Berlin Temple filled with Officers and uniformed Salvationists and friends, from the highest gallery to the most distant door. A very warm welcome was accorded to the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp.

Mrs. Mapp's earnest words: "May He help you to be as individuals before Him," must have brought the first small wave of conviction. The Chief's address on "Everyday Holiness" was resistless in its simple and practical conclusions: one by one the

They stood in complete silence when, the Chief having testified to the power of Salvation in his own life and invited them all to share it, two men immediately pressed through the ranks and knelt at the improvised Mercy-seat. Regardless of all but their soul's need, ten seekers were soon kneeling beside them, completing the answer to the enemies of God.

A large crowd later in the evening filled every part of the "New World Hall." The many opposing influences of the day had left the people serious. They followed in thought the singing of "Come with me to Calvary." There was comfort for troublous times in Commissioner Friedrich's counsel. After Mrs. Mapp's heart-moving story many eyes were moist.

In the Chief's powerful voice there was a new urgency that could hardly wait even for the interpreter, so charged was he with responsibility for the souls of the crowd. There were one hundred seekers.

On Monday a third great procession was held.

In preparation for the annual Demonstration to follow, most of the Officers were costumed to represent the chief interests of those parts of the country in which they work, making a richly-colored spectacle.

## A GREAT WELCOME

to the

### 1930-1 SESSION OF CADETS

in the

### HYGEIA HALL, TORONTO

on

Wednesday, September 24th at 8 p.m.

Commissioner Hay will preside  
Supported by Mrs. Hay, the Chief Secretary,  
Territorial Headquarters and Training  
Garrison Staffs

Music will be provided by the Earls Court Band and Temple Songster Brigade

small breakwaters of inconsistency crumbled.

The great wave of decision swept seventy-four seekers to the Mercy-seat, and even when the meeting had to be closed, the convicted were still coming.

Berlin had sore need of The Army witness that afternoon. It was viewing with concern the long processions—all too frequent nowadays—of young men and women flaunting red banners and shouting as with one voice: "Down with religion!"

"Come out of the Hellsarmies!" they shouted in defiant voices as they passed the Temple. But The Army itself came out, instead! In the sunshine and breeze, our Blood-and-Fire Flags fluttered an answer; our five Bands played of a happy religion; our Life-Saving Scouts and Guards and Corps Cadets showed their youth on the side of God; our Officers declared the glory of a life lived for others. Every Division in the country took part, some in the picturesque costumes of their provinces.

In the Templehof Field, under the giant poplar where, in other days, a great ruler sat often on his charger, reviewing his masses of glittering troops, The Army's platform had been erected. The battalions of another army formed round it, to be immediately hemmed in by hundreds of curious people gathered up by the march.

Heading several ranks of smiling matrons was carried the Home League's large new Flag, which Mrs. Commissioner Mapp had dedicated before three hundred members in the afternoon.

Officers, Soldiers, and Young People delighted all with a magnificent three hours' pageant representative of their inspiring work, which the Chief completed by a stirring call for consecration of lives and talents to the service of God. As we write, at 11.15 p.m., six volunteers are kneeling at the Mercy-seat, and the New World Hall is still thronged to the doors.

—M. Unsworth, Major.

(Continued from column 1)

So he brought down the people unto the water; and the Lord said unto Gideon, "Everyone that lappeth the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise everyone that boweth down on his knees to drink."

And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand."



The Commissioner has transferred Staff-Captain Earle from Newfoundland to the Canada East Territory, and, for the time being, he is taking command of the Windsor I Corps.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Smith were welcomed to the Ontario Brick and Tile Plant for provincial prisoners, in a service conducted by Brigadier Bloss recently. The Staff-Captain assumes the duties of Chaplain at this Institution. Brigadiers White and Byers also took part in the profitable event.

Captain and Mrs. Byron Purdy, Oakville, welcomed a son, Raymond Leroy, into their home on Saturday, August 30th.

Captain Billings and Lieutenant Coy, of Goderich, report that during their jail visitation work they were used by God in leading one young girl prisoner to a knowledge of Salvation. Our Officers throughout the country are doing a most commendable work in the penal institutions.

## COLONEL MOREHEN

### "OVER HOME"

Pit Lad Asks the Charge for Being Made Like Converted Workmate

On Sunday night at Hucknall (says a report in the British "War Cry"), the meeting was conducted by Colonel Morehen, and five surrenders were witnessed. One was a youth who had been in the habit of using very bad language. When he went to his work in the pit next morning the other lads saw such a difference in him that one of them went to a Band-lad who worked with them and asked: "How much do you have to pay to be made like that?"

"Not anything," answered the Salvationist, who added: "I'll take you next Sunday and you can be made like him." The enquirer came and also found Salvation from sin.

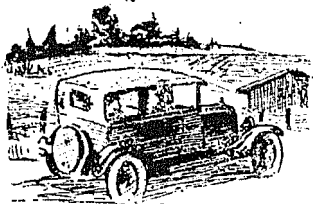
## Coming Events

### COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY

NORTH TORONTO, Sun Sep 14  
TORONTO TEMPLE, Thurs Sep 18  
(Graduation of Nurses of Women's Hospital, Toronto)  
TORONTO TEMPLE, Sun Sep 21 (Night only)  
TORONTO (HYGEIA HALL), Wed Sep 24 (Welcome to Cadets)  
MARITIME CONGRESS, Halifax, Sat Sep 27 to Tues Sep 30

Brigadier Bloss: Aurora, Sun Sep 21; Collingwood, Sat Sep 28.  
Brigadier Byers: Burwash Prison Farm, Sun Sep 14; Lippincott, Sun 21.  
Brigadier Mrs. Green: West Toronto, Sun Sep 21.  
Brigadier Macdonald: Hamilton V, Sun Sep 21; Hamilton I, Tues 23.  
Major Kendall: North Bay, Tues Sep 9 to Tues Sep 23.  
Major Sparks: Hamilton III, Sun Sep 21.  
Major Spooner: Earls Court, Sun Sep 14.  
Staff-Captain Ellery: Charlottetown, Sat Sep 14; Newcastle, Mon 15; Campbellton, Tues 16; St. Stephen, Fri Sep 21.  
Staff-Captain Ham: Windsor III, Sat Sep 21; Windsor IV, Sat Sep 28; Kingsville, Mon 29.  
Staff-Captain Riches: St. John IV, Sat Sep 14; Chatham, Fri 19; Newcastle, Sat Sep 21; Campbellton, Mon 22; Dalhousie, Tues 23.  
Staff-Captain Wilson: Guelph, Sun Sep 21; Hamilton I, Tues 23.





# AWHEEL WITH THE COMMISSIONER

## A Strenuous Seven-Hundred-Mile Motor Campaign in the Montreal Division

IN THE gloaming of a perfect day, the Commissioner and party alighted at charming Napanee, this being the first of five country towns embraced by this 700-mile motor tour in the Montreal Division.

With the Commissioner were Mrs. Hay, Staff-Captain Hay, Colonel Adby and Staff-Captain Mundy, the latter being the "man at the wheel." Brigadier Burrows, the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Calvert and "The War Cry" scribe had preceded the party.

At the junction of two spacious thoroughfares for which this excellent little town is noted, a brief, profitable Open-air, piloted by Colonel Adby, served to emphasize the fact that The Army was "in the limelight" for this night, and not even the town band which passed, resplendent in brand-new uniforms, could divert the sympathy of the citizens. The arrival of a number of Belleville Bandsmen produced an occasion of interest and resulted in a splendid assembly in the Town Hall, which brought broad smiles to the faces of Captain Wilfred Hawkes and Lieutenant George Crewe—the Corps Officers.

That Town Hall! One felt quite important mounting those broad steps and entering through the massive dignified columns which acclaim in no uncertain way that the style is of the Georgian period.

But it was the interior of this imposing edifice which interested Salvationists more. In an auditorium, which was admirably suited to our purposes, the Commissioner presented his now-famous lecture—"The Future of The Salvation Army."

His Worship Mayor John Simpson, presided. His Worship is a young lawyer, well-spoken, and an able chief executive. Mrs. Hay invoked the blessing of God upon the gathering prior to the presentation of the Mayor by Brigadier Burrows.

### The Essence of Cordiality

His Worship's words were the essence of cordiality. When approached by the Captain to undertake the presidency of this meeting, he had not demurred a second, he said. Strangely enough it is the first occasion on which the Mayor has had opportunity to "do the honors" at a Salvation Army function, bar giving donations! The Commissioner interrupted to thank His Worship for his financial assistance, whereupon he very gracefully declared that no matter what he

gave it could not lessen the debt he felt he owed The Salvation Army for their war work, which he had observed at first-hand when overseas. "Whether 'broke' or flush," he said, "you were welcome at The Army hut, and I made up my mind during the war that if, on my return to Canada, I could render any service whatever, I would do so."

The Commissioner was well received and, having responded to His Worship's warm words, plunged immediately into his subject. Salvationists might excusably "throw out their chests" as they listened to our Leader recount the glorious past of our movement. The progress of our Cause he likened to a picture, only part of which has been thus far exposed to view. That small portion is indicative of what the whole will be. The full beauty and majesty of this "Salvation Army" portrait will only be disclosed with the passage of time.

### A Sleepy Little Village

There was a pleasing solo by Staff-Captain Hay about the good old Flag, which, allied to the tune "The Minstrel Boy," went with a swing. The Property Secretary neatly proposed a vote of thanks, and then away to our respective billets, where our friends treated us right royally.

Odessa, a sleepy little village, lay in our path of travel, and, although not on the Commissioner's itinerary, a halt was made to view The Army's property.

No sooner had we parked our cars outside the building, which no longer echoes to drum and timbrel, than a spry old gentleman with a quavering voice, hobbled from a cottage hard by to greet The Army folk. So overjoyed was he to see the once-familiar blue tunics and "S's" that he affectionately clung to our Leader, meanwhile rehearsing the history of The Army in Odessa from "alpha to omega."

"Seventy-four years old I be," he informed us, as he proceeded to pilot us about the deserted Hall. The building, he said, was once established at Bath, a town about twelve miles distant, and was moved when the Work opened up in Odessa.

"There is lots of water in our well," our self-appointed guide generously averred, "and the Officers often had a bite with the missus and me."

But it was Brother Burnett, one of the two or three remaining Soldiers in Odessa, who is the custodian of our

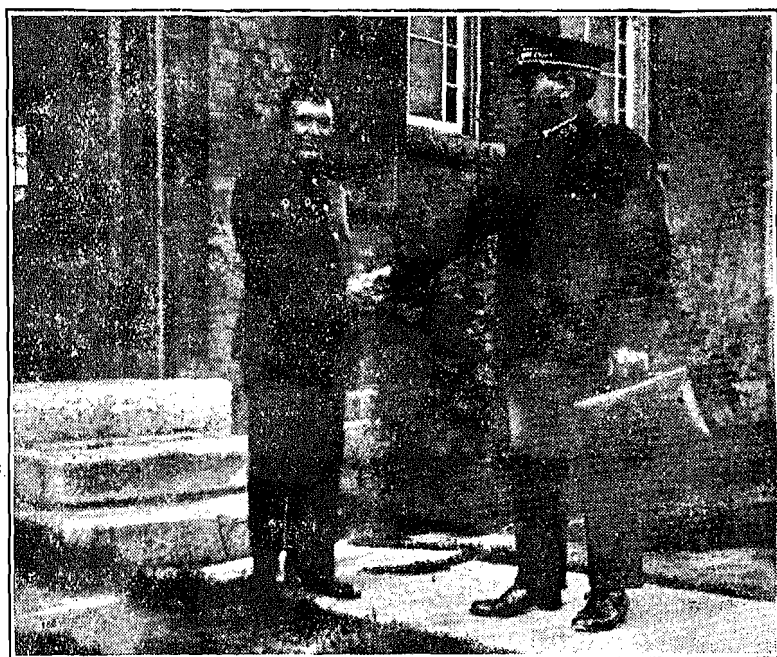
property and who soon appeared on the scene with the keys to the building.

The Town Hall, we learned, was burned to the ground a month ago and since then the Township Council has found The Army Hall just the place for their deliberations.

Brother Burnett, a faithful, highly esteemed citizen of the town, has been striving to keep alive The Army spirit. For some time after The Army ceased operations, he carried on in his own home with the Company meeting, but there were the bees to look after, and the children we gathered, were not angels, but Brother Burnett made no complaints. "It was the bees..." he said, with a pensive air.

Burrows, who was stationed here as a Lieutenant in its "palmy" days, dipped into the past to recall this treasured incident:

The meeting was in progress one evening and this chorus was being fervently sung—"I'll do, Lord, what you want me to do." In the house adjoining the Hall, lived a lady artist. As she worked on the canvas before her, she listened—and then thought, "Am I doing that?" she queried in her own mind. She tried to dismiss the thought, and resumed her work. The thought would not be dismissed. She buried her head in her arm and wept for shame and sorrow. Leaving her brush and canvas she walked deliberately to the Hall—and to the



The Commissioner and Commandant Wells exchanging greetings at Cornwall

Kingston was the "half-way house." Here we tasted of some genuine Scotch hospitality. Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins being responsible for entertaining the "birds of passage."

A blessed season of prayer, numerous hearty hand-grips on every side—"God be with you"—and away we sped.

The mighty St. Lawrence now hove in view and for many miles we played hide-and-seek with it as we followed the devious turnings of the highway. Then the broad river seemed to tire of this tantalizing game and decided to keep us company, so that side by side we ran—the one heeding the clamorous call of its vast ocean-parent, we obeying the no less clamorous urge of the Cross.

On every hand we were reminded of the bounty and providence of the Creator—the farmers busily threshing their bumper crops, the apple-trees weighted to the ground with their rosy-cheeked fruit.

Pretty little Gananoque was reached at length, lying snuggled in a "corner" of the river. We disturbed the lassie Officers—Captain Payne and Lieutenant Smith—at their midday meal (the time being an hour behind that of Kingston). A peep at the Hall, which once resounded to the musical clank of the blacksmith's anvil, and a word of cheer to the Officers, and then, as we again got underway, we were able to descry, across the sun-dappled waters of the river, the shores of "Uncle Sam's country."

At Morrisburg there was more Army property to inspect. There is no Corps here now, but Brigadier

Penitent-form and later became one of the most influential Soldiers of that Corps.

"Cornwall, the Industrial City, 16,500 population," greeted us from a hoarding at the boundary of the city—for that is the proud status of this bustling centre.

We quickly sought out the Hall, and Commandant Job Wells was not long in making his appearance.

Eager interest was manifested in the Open-air and we reluctantly left a thronging crowd, which pressed eagerly about the ring, to fulfil our evening's mission in the Hall.

A vociferous welcome from the comrades and friends gathered left no doubt as to the expectancy which had been aroused by this "flying" visit to Cornwall. If further proof were needed it was surely provided by the splendid attendance despite the awkward night, Saturday being recognizably unsuitable for indoor gatherings, of any description.

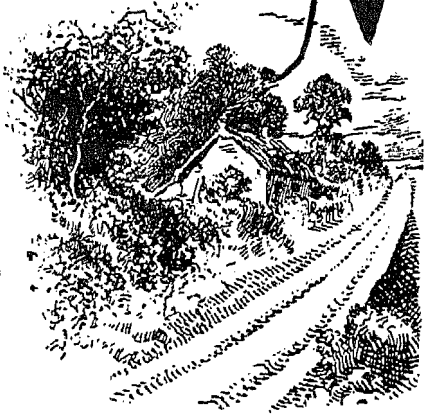
Mr. A. C. Fetterley, District Manager of the Mutual Life Assurance Society, had been secured as chairman, and he extended a welcome to our Territorial Commander in the following terms:

"Much rather would I mix with the people of God than mingle with the wealthiest and proudest of worldly people. I feel at home here to-night. We want to make our visitors feel at home also. Through the medium of this lecture, I feel we will secure a broader and more wonderful vision of what The Army is; what it can be and what it will be."

(Continued on page 12)



The Town Hall, Napanee, in which the Commissioner lectured

OUR NEW  
SERIAL

## Begin to Read Here

The story of Susan Nichols, oldest child of a small family living in a village in the Eastern Counties of England, shows the father as a cruel man who treated his wife and little ones with the utmost severity. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist who strove to train her children according to the light she had received. Susan went into domestic service at the age of nine, enduring much hardship. When she was eighteen she married Robert Florence, a young man of the village.

They were both converted but later fell away, and one evening Bob failed to return from his work. When midnight had passed Susan, terribly anxious, went in search of him.

She found him in a nearby town drunk. Bob went rapidly to the dogs. Business was bad and they decided to try their fortunes in Canada. Bob crossed the ocean first and Susan and the children followed later. One evening Susan found herself in an Army meeting.

(Back numbers of "The War Cry" may be purchased so that readers may become thoroughly acquainted with the development of this interesting story of early-day Army life in the Old Country and in Canada.)

## CHAPTER V

## More Trouble—God is Sufficient

"O Calvary, dark Calvary,  
Where Jesus shed His Blood  
for me;  
O Calvary, dark Calvary,  
Speak to my heart from Calvary."

THAT was what they sang in The Army Hall in Parkdale when Susan found herself seated there the night after her daughter was saved. The little band of Soldiers sang it "with the spirit and with understanding also," and the Christ they sang about did speak to one poor, world-stained heart while the words were sounding.

The lights faded away before Susan's eyes as a rush of holy memories



"EYE COMES DAMNATION,"  
THOUGHT SUSAN.

swept over her, and the Christ whom she had seen and served as a child, but neglected and left as a woman, appeared again before her vision. And again the woman proved what the child had experienced, that we walk by faith and not by sight, even of a visible Lord.

The daily sight of their Master could not make the disciples walk like Him, but a Pentecostal blessing did; so Susan needed to have her heart purified and filled by the Holy Ghost, and it would have been done if she had only asked in faith. But she remained for the present, satisfied with her vision, and the spiritual stimulus resulting from it.

# MOTHER FLORENCE

## The Story of a Valiant Soul

BY THE LATE ELIZABETH SWIFT BRENGLE

Brought up-to-date by "J."

She hurried out of her class-meeting at nights, and ran to The Army meeting, explaining the fact that she could not keep away by the statement, "Those people don't have long faces, they're always happy, and they put their foot down on the drink."

This metaphorical foot came down on Susan's mug of beer at once, and she regularly put the five cents it had formerly cost her into the collection as the Lord's due. But the desire for it was left, along with her old wish to make money, and get on in the world.

She took a little farm on the outskirts of the city—the site of which has been long since covered by industrial and commercial buildings—and in various ways turned an honest penny there. One day a couple called to see her, and she went out into the garden, hot from working in the sun,



"THEY KNELT AND PRAYED"

to sit down with them. One of her friends produced a bottle of porter and poured out a cool-looking glass. Susan took it; and the man remarked, "There goes Salvation."

"And here comes damnation," thought Susan, looking down into the creamy, fragrant white-beaded liquor. "Bill," she said out loud, "I've not joined The Salvation Army; don't cast reflections on a blessed, God-fearing people like that."

She left the two sitting there with their porter, and went out behind an apple tree in the garden and prayed for grace. "Never no more drink for me!" she said to her friends when she came back again, and all further invitations to cool her throat were useless.

When she had gotten the grace she prayed for, Susan wanted more, and asked for it. "Lord, is there anything more You want me to give up, or do?" was her cry.

### Beer Gone—Uniform On

Now she saw that she was to join The Army, of which Robert (whom Susan and the children jointly termed "Dad,") and her son and daughter were already members; she herself enrolled as a Soldier, and was henceforth known to Toronto comrades and audiences as "Mother" Florence.

Beer gone, and the uniform put on! "That's a great deal! You've done enough now, you're all right!" persisted the Devil, when Holiness of heart was urged upon Susan by her conscience, or by faithful comrades, and she listened to him, and did not yet learn that being right must lie at the back of all doing.

She fell one day, hurrying to get something for dinner, and put her knee out of joint; God gave her weeks in bed for reflection, but she used His

time for her own purposes, and while her body mended, the soul inside dodged God, and remained stationary.

The first day Susan was able to be out again, her youngest child was run over by a cart and his ribs broken. "They brought him home to me all crushed, and his little face covered with blood," she used to say, "for his head was hurt, too. The doctor said that if the ribs pierced his lungs, hemorrhage would set in, and he must die. He lay there moaning, scarcely able to breathe. You can imagine the state I was in. I lay crushed too, but it was my heart."

Someone told The Army Officers of little Sam's hurt, and that evening they walked in. The doctor had said that no one must go near the injured boy, but Susan hadn't the heart to keep the lassies out, and they went right in to where he lay.

"Let's take him to the Lord," they said; "He'll heal him."

They knelt and prayed, and when they left, one of them laid her hand on Susan's shoulder, "Cheer up, Mother Florence," she said, "the child will be all right in the morning."

### Prayer Answered

The words seemed wild. How could he be all right in the morning? He lay there delicious, panting for breath, and his feeble moans seemed proof to the mother that he was dying.

Just as the morning began to break, she fell into the sleep of exhaustion from which she was soon awakened by hearing little Sam crawling out of bed! "My darling, how could you get up?" she screamed.

"Because it's morning. I'm better, Mammy," he said, "my pain's gone. See me breathe." And he breathed deep down to the bottom of his small lungs.

The doctor was to come at nine o'clock, unless they sent him word before that little Sammy was dead, and he appeared promptly at that hour.

"What does this mean, Mrs. Flor-



"My  
pain's gone"

ence?" he said sternly. "Why is this child out of bed?"

"Because he's better, doctor," stammered Susan half afraid, and not knowing exactly how to tell him that The Army Officers, on whom he was so "dreadfully down," had been taking his patient to the Lord and getting him healed.

"But how does it come about?" persisted the man of drugs.

"Well, doctor," began Susan, "you know you said I wasn't to let anyone in to see him, but The Salvation Army Officers came, and they never asked, but walked in, and I couldn't tell them to go out."

"Did they make a noise?" investigated the doctor.

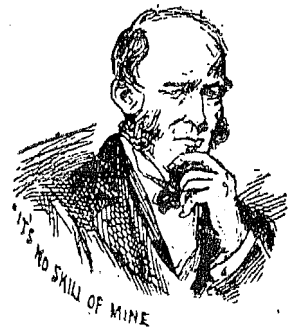
"Well," said Susan, putting it as best she could, "they prayed."

"Prayed, ugh!" said the doctor. "It might have been sudden death to him! Come here boy, and let me see how you can run."

Little Sam made as good a show of speed as the size of the room would allow, without apparent injury resulting.

"Topple!" said the doctor, and head over heels went the youngster. The doctor got up puzzled. "It's no skill of mine," he confessed and off he went.

Jesus used this miracle of healing



now—as He did when He was on earth—to convince people of their need of being entirely made whole within, and of His power to make them so. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." And Susan Florence was so convinced.

"After God had done that for me, how could I hold back any longer?" she said. "I went out to the Penitential form, and got properly saved."

Once her soul was whole, Susan began to think about serving God more vigorously, as well as faithfully, and thereupon claimed deliverance from her crutches with which since her accident to her knee, she had been bothered.

### Hard Lessons

"Because," as she very quaintly used to say when she was relating this experience, "God could use me better with two legs than with one." And God answered her prayer of faith by healing her.

"You wouldn't think I'd have needed any more hard lessons, would you?" queried Mother Florence meditatively, when she was relating her story to Mrs. Brengle.

Yes, if she couldn't learn them easily. A sanctified soul is not one which is perfect in knowledge, and incapable of mistakes, but it is one which is cleansed from inbred sin, and filled with the Spirit of God; it is a soul which constantly waits on God to learn His will, and then runs to do it.

And God overrules all the intellectual slowness and spiritual stupidity of such an one, teaches it by its blunders, builds it up, and after it has "suffered a while," "stabilizes, strengthens, settles it." When an "Eagle stirreth up her nest," very possible it is hard for the soft-muscled nestlings till their wings are used to the new work, but it is none the less necessary. And "So" the Lord leads Israel. So He led Mother Florence. She had little knowledge of the winning road by which she was to travel before she finally accomplished all His purpose for her.

(To be continued)

# "Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!"

"The Singers Sang, and the Trumpeters Sounded."

—2 Chronicles 29:28



## MEET "TERTIUS TOOTLER"

If You Haven't Already

Meet Tertius Tootler! Of course you've met him before. Wherever there is a band the tootling nuisance makes his presence felt. You'll hear him in the band room straining for top notes with weird effects just as the congregation is assembling in the hall. Before the Open-air he delights to entertain or disturb the neighborhood with a series of blurred runs and a queer, odd note or two.

But band rehearsal is the time for the tootler—a paradise for his personal convenience and enjoyment. Rendering the air with many a shrill blast

**IF YOU HAVE A GOOD VOICE AND GOD HAS GIVEN YOU QUALITIES OF CHARM AND MANNER, DON'T SERVE THE DEVIL WITH THESE GIFTS; THEY BELONG TO GOD. RENDER FULL SERVICE TO HIM WITH THESE TALENTS . . . . .**



before the practise commences, he continues his exercises more or less throughout the rest of the evening with twirly bits, runs, excerpts from practically everything that is foreign to the study on hand and a never-ending series of flourishes and haphazard moving of irresponsible fingers over his three valves.

The bandmaster tries to explain the mood of the music; it matters not to Tertius Tootler, to tootle a weird tootle is for him of far greater import. "We'll start at letter 'B,'" says the leader, but Tertius is far too busy wiggling his valves over some mysterious conception of his own to even hear, and he finds his place when the rest of the band are well into the piece.

With his mouthpiece always straying to his lips friend Tootler should be a veritable fiend for practice and one of the mainstays of the band; but he is under no delusions. As a matter of fact he rarely practices—tootling satisfies him and is enough for him. With no method he produces very little. And it happens that when it comes to some solid band work he is worn out with his tootling and his lip is gone!

The trouble is T. T. is something like a mouse whose legs move faster than its brain. It does things before it has time to think about them, incidentally finding itself often in

(Continued in column 4)

## THE MUSIC EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Review of its History, Work, and Scope of Influence

By the Editor of "The Bandsman and Songster"

(Continued from last week)

A VERY creditable list of musical compositions (published in the Band Journals) already stands to the credit of Staff-Captain Coles. In addition there is a fine number of songs from his pen which have found their way into "The Musical Salvationist," including a vocal solo for which he received the first prize in the same year he was awarded first prize for his "Chalk Farm" march. Still other compositions are awaiting publication.

As to his method of writing the Staff-Captain says: "Music simply comes to me, and when I capture a musical idea, I work long and laboriously at it. I have heard some say that they have written certain compositions in a day or two, but, frankly, I fail to see what there is in this of which to be proud. One could, perhaps, dash off the full score of a march, or write songs by the yard, but, personally, I should be very dissatisfied with this method myself. One has to learn to discriminate, and let slip through the mental sieve a good deal, and retain only the gold.

"Having captured an idea I explore its possibilities, and seek to perfect it. I spend hours and hours on it, maybe weeks and months, and never leave it until I am perfectly satisfied with it. I have sometimes spent as long over a difficult or unruly bar with which I was not satisfied as I have over a whole movement.

"Musical inspiration has come to me at all manner of times. For instance, it was in a busy London thoroughfare where the recurring motive in 'Discipleship' was captured, and it was while on the top of a street-car in North London, just passing some meadows, that the broad lines of the final movement, 'Christ is All,' in this composition came to me."

### Preserving High Ideals

The Staff-Captain's work testifies without doubt to his realization of the great truths by which we live, and in his steady, persistent way he is laboring to preserve the high ideals of Army music.

One who knows "B.C." intimately says of him: "He does not look the part. Reserved to an unusual degree, he never talks about music unless beguiled into the topic by some skillful conversationalist. Sensitive to every influence, he must have a sympathetic atmosphere before he can 'open up' on any point at all. He is a student in the proper sense of the word, with

hidden depths of feeling, a delicate appreciation of form in music, a wide knowledge of the laws of composition."

Staff-Captain Bramwell Coles is fortunate in a special sense. He has a wife—one who has lent him no end of help in his writing efforts. Of her the Staff-Captain remarks: "She is a born critic, and her judgment has been of inestimable help to me."

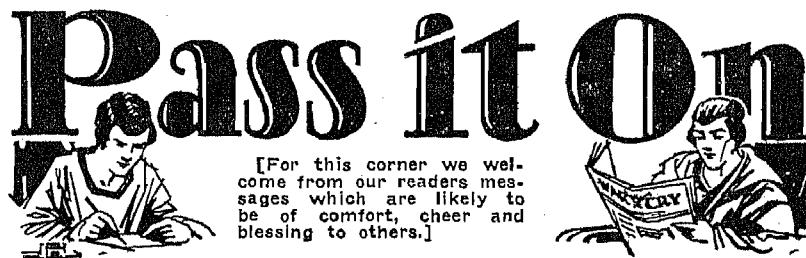
When people ask what he makes out of his music, the Staff-Captain replies: "Lots! I have made lots of friends the world over, I have lots of happy memories, and I have a sheaf of letters telling of blessings received, of burdened hearts cheered, and of men and women led in repentance to the feet of the Saviour. These I would not part with for worlds."

(Next week: How MSS. are examined and dealt with.)

Reinforcements for Danforth Songster Brigade and Band, respectively, have arrived from Plumstead, England, in the persons of Songster Doris Broad and her brother, Bandsman Stanley. Our comrades are the children of Corps Secretary George Broad.

Bandsman Wilfred Stevens has given a hearty welcome back by the Earls Court Bandmen. Our comrade has been laid aside for a considerable period. A real Band enthusiast, he rejoices to return to his duties once again.

The Congress Festival is now the great topic. But more anon!



[For this corner we welcome from our readers messages which are likely to be of comfort, cheer and blessing to others.]

## A Visiting Minister is Blessed Through Open-Air Meeting

The following interesting letter was received by Brigadier Burrows from the Rev. Norman O. Scribner, of Baltimore, who was passing through Montreal last Sunday and listened to the Montreal I Corps Open-air.

"Dear Brothers in Christ:

"It has been my good fortune to spend this day in Montreal, while in process of returning home from Europe and Palestine. I have been greatly impressed by the beauties of the city, but a far greater impression has come to me as a result of the afternoon service which you conducted in Dominion Square. The singing of 'Jesus keep me near the Cross,' was food for my soul. The music, too, lifted the chalice of life-giving water to the somewhat parched lips of my soul. The testimonies also were sweet, simple, sincere, and as a result, most helpful.

"I am happy to say that I have made several contacts with The Sal-

vation Army in various parts of America. When I first came to know the Lord Jesus, I used to go to The Army in my home city, and ask them for an opportunity to unburden the message of my heart. Never was I refused the privilege.

"The Scripture reading concerning the 'Impotent man,' was so significant. In Jerusalem less than six weeks ago, I visited the supposed spot where this act of love of Christ took place. The reading meant so much to me, and so did 'What Friend we have in Jesus.'

"Let me say in closing that I have never seen a better looking band Soldiers of Christ.

"May the richest blessings of our Father rest upon you, and you constant and unceasing your great desire to make known unto all men. You, th. Christ, have made my day's visit Montreal a most pleasant one."

## ANOTHER DUET!

A Bandsman and Songster Union

An interesting wedding was recently solemnized at Sault Ste. Marie by Ensign Calvert, the contracting parties being Songster Mary Brodie, of Sault Ste. Marie II, and Bandsman Lyle Bailey, of Walkerville, and formerly also a Soldier of Sault Ste. Marie II.

The Army Hall being rather small for this occasion—this being the first Army wedding in the Corps—the United Church was secured and was filled to capacity. To the strains of the wedding march, the happy couple took their places on the platform.

The service was very impressive. Prayer by Ensign Calvert and a Scripture reading preceded the marriage ceremony. After the Benediction a reception was held in the school-room where representative speakers offered congratulations to the newly-married couple, among the speakers being Treasurer Ryckman, Assistant Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Webb, and Recruiting Sergeant Mrs. Harker. Bandsman J. Greenwood read congratulatory telegrams, after which Bandsman and Mrs. Bailey both expressed their desire that their union would not only bring them more happiness but that the interests of the Kingdom would be furthered. Bandsman and Mrs. Bailey will reside in Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from column 1)

trouble. If T. T. would settle down seriously, what a wonder he might be!

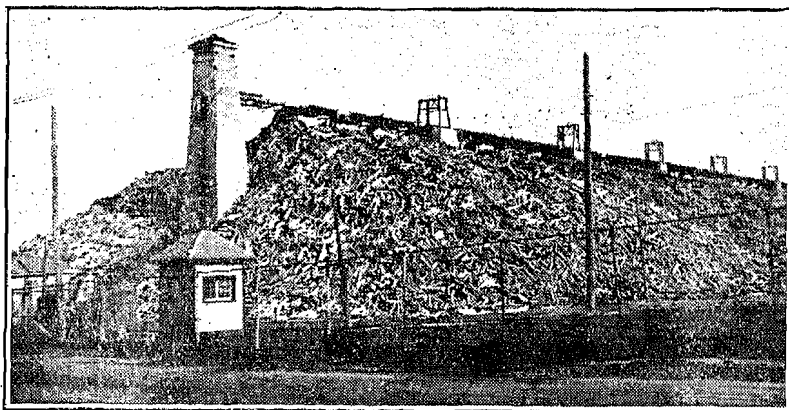
Well, friend Tertius, after all, you serve a purpose in life, if it's only to show other people what not to be. But I'd rather have a purpose in life than merely serve one. Do you get me?—Crescendo.



In his first sentence, the Commissioner "had" his audience. With his whimsical sallies, trite observations and pungent illustrations, our Leader had no difficulty in pressing home his points.

What a wealth of Army lore was offered in that masterful address. A veritable tonic for the "Faint-hearts" in our ranks; strong meat for the strong, and for the non-Salvationist an array of facts and ideas sufficient to keep them pondering and admiring—and we trust, subscribing—for many a day.

To round off this delightful, comradely meeting, there was an impromptu quartet by Colonel Adby, Staff-Captains Hay and Mundy, and Ensign Wood, and Staff-Captain Hay soloed inspiringly—"Jesus is all the world to me."



Typical of one of Cornwall's chief industries—a pile of pulp-wood on the banks of the St. Lawrence

The Commissioner's car made an excellent run from Cornwall to the Metropolis. Not so the second car, driven by the Divisional Commander. The provincial boundary had been barely crossed before an ominous knock in the engine warned of trouble. Five hours later the derelict car arrived in Montreal ignominiously towed by a yellow "wrecker."

"The War Cry" man was among the members of the belated party which arrived as the afternoon service was just getting under way.

There was, however, no difficulty in securing "copy" by proxy, concerning the wonderfully enthusiastic gathering at City Hall Avenue, where our loyal French comrades wage an aggressive warfare under the dauntless direction of Ensign MacGillivray, Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Brokenshire.

The visitors, although acquainted with the progressive work in hand here, were not quite prepared for what greeted them, as they arrived at the Open-air rendezvous. The people were simply massed about the ring, looking and listening with avidity. The Sergeant-Major was soon in the ring, testifying in French, with the rapidity of a "Lewis" machine-gun—and, may we not say, with somewhat similar effect, except that his bullets were Gospel truths, directed at the arch-enemy of men—Satan. To listen to this splendid French-Canadian Local Officer is an inspiration.

### The Cross the Attraction

The Territorial Commander had a turn in the ring. He was soon on friendly footing with the throng—a word or two of French interjected into his spicy talk providing a ready medium of approach to the hearts of these vivid people.

Our Leader brushed up his French also in the Holiness meeting to advantage in lining out a song in French. Fortunately the Soldiers here are not unacquainted with English, and apart from the opening songs and the prayer by Ensign MacGillivray in French, the exercises were conducted in English. The expressive solos of Staff-Captain Hay and Staff-Captain Mundy contributed melodiously to the spirit of the meeting.

Six Recruits were recently received into this Corps, all previously belonging to another faith. The spirit of genuine sacrifice which actuates and is typical of these comrades, is seen in that one of the number has been dis-

# Awheel with the Commissioner

(Continued on page 9)

inherited and thus will suffer the loss of a large sum of money. The Cross is the attraction!

Every seat in that trim little Maissonneuve Citadel was "on duty" on Sunday afternoon. A festive air prevailed. It was not difficult for Mrs. Commissioner Hay, who was immediately made to feel at home, to capture the interest and sympathy of this responsive audience by her fascinating portrayal of her life and work in the London Slums, a ministry which those "under dogs" of society have learned to love and cling to as the Salvation of their bodies and souls.

Brigadier Calvert was introduced to the audience and gave a concise, clear testimony to the power of Christ in His life.

The Commissioner gave a convincing and clear-cut address on "An illuminating incident in the life of Christ." Magnifying Jesus was the central thought and plea enshrined in our Leader's forceful remarks. And such is badly needed, he reminded us, in this day of minimizing the Master.

A charming little ceremony concluded the service—the dedication of William Robert, son of Captain and Mrs. Lorimer, the Corps Officers—and this was piloted fittingly by the Commissioner.

One soul responded in the Prayer-meeting of power which followed.

### An Influential Corps

The third and biggest event of the day transpired at the Citadel Corps a Corps which represents much in the heart of Canada's largest city. And if any is sceptical of this, peep around the corner of St. Catherine Street, any normal Sunday night and scepticism will vanish. More than a peep would scarcely be possible on this particular Sunday night. The sidewalk and street were dense with a rapt and respectful audience.

Sergeant-Major Colley was piloting proceedings with his customary breeziness; the Band was intoning grand harmonies with customary efficiency, under the deft baton of Bandmaster Norman Audoire, and testimonies were being given with a customary ring of sincerity.

Stepped into the ring the Commissioner, Bible in hand, and no sooner had he begun to read that enthralling story of Jesus and the loaves and fishes, than heads were bared—not only by Salvationists but by numerous onlookers.

The press was so great at the inside meeting that many stragglers found themselves seatless and were obliged to stand during the whole service; even at that they appeared to

consider the sacrifice equal to the privilege.

Music was employed prodigally—the Songsters urging the sinner to "Take Salvation;" Staff-Captain Mundy, whom the Commissioner introduced as one of three brother-Officers, soloing tenderly "He threw out the life-line to me;" The Band presenting, with characteristic impressiveness, "Precious Thoughts," and Staff-Captain Hay soloing with surpassing sweetness, "He's just the same today."

The congregational singing was not less uplifting than these individual efforts.

"Jesus Christ" formed the topic of the Commissioner's address—a profoundly moving message, prompted and directed by the Holy Spirit. It culminated in a determined assault upon the forts of darkness—Colonel Adby leading the attack—when three souls were captured.

Major Tutte, one of a number of ardent fishers, brought a sailor-lad to the Cross, who had been trying to direct his "barque" without the Heavenly Pilot and had become a miserable derelict amid the tossing breakers of life. His return voyage to the home port in the Old Country will not be all "smooth sailing," but with Christ in his vessel he'll "smile at the storm!"

Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt, our latest gifts from Canada West, were greatly enheartened by the Territorial Commander's visit. And so were all the stalwarts of the Citadel Corps.

### OFFICERS' COUNCILS

A homelike atmosphere pervaded the Citadel the following morning, when the Commissioner devoted two hours to the counselling of the city Officers of all Departments. About sixty gathered and drank at the fount of inspiration and encouragement.

Blue Monday held no thrall in this pleasurable little gathering, as witness the manner in which a new chorus, introduced by the impromptu quartet from among the visiting Officers, was picked up. Here it is:

"I am walking now where the saints have trod,  
I am walking now in the faith of God;  
I am walking now with His staff and rod,  
Through the vale to the Land of gladness."

Try it to the catchy tune—"D'ye ken John Peel," and if it doesn't make the blood riot in your veins, well—! With typical "Adrian" vim (which needs no further elucidation) the Colonel directed the chorus-singing, assuming the role, as the Commissioner jocularly remarked, of the famous Exhibition Chorus leader.

Four comparative newcomers to this Territory were bade welcome by our Leader—Major and Mrs. Tutte, of the Montreal Subscribers' Department, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne (the Staff-Captain was present) of the Ottawa Subscribers' Department. These comrades from our sister-Territory are, with their families, already well-established and are busying themselves to good purpose with their duties.

Edification, inspiration and information were mingled in the encyclopaedic chats into which the Commissioner plunged, as though fresh on the warpath, instead of having just completed five heavy engagements in as many Corps.

Notice of an impending campaign, planned for the first three months of 1931 was given.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay was heard with pleasure in a prayerful talk on the retention of a "tender heart" in the midst of this materialistic age.

On, ever on! Speeding towards the westerling sun we arrived, after about 130 miles travel at little Prescott. Sprawled on the inclining bank of the St. Lawrence, it would appear as though a slight push from a giant hand might sweep it into that expansive ribbon of water. But Prescott will not easily be shoved; it is a sturdy town and wears an air of seeming arrogance, like a small boy wearing his first "long uns."

This town is passing from the knicker-bocker stage, and if present

## THE MARITIME CONGRESS

### HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 27 to 30 (Inclusive)

Conducted by

### Commissioner and Mrs. Hay

assisted by

### The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry,

COLONEL MOREHEN, COLONEL ADBY, LIEUT.-COLONEL DESBRISAY  
and BRIGADIER HAWKINS

The Entire Divisional, Field and Social Officers of the Maritime  
Provinces will be Present

SATURDAY, 27 : GREAT WELCOME at THE CITADEL  
SUNDAY, 28 THREE GRAND GATHERINGS in the GARRICK THEATRE  
Every Salvationist on the East Coast is urged to attend

11 a.m.	-	-	-	HOLINESS CONVENTION
3 p.m.	-	Lecture: "THE FUTURE OF THE SALVATION ARMY"	-	
		Chairman, The Hon. G. S. Harrington		
7 p.m.	-	-	-	SALVATION MEETING
3 p.m. MONDAY	-	-	-	UNITED HOME LEAGUE MEETING
		Leader, MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY		
8 p.m.	-	-	-	SOLDIERS AND EX-SOLDIERS GATHERING

progress is maintained it will soon be of no small importance.

The town was agog, and well it might be, to see the Prescott Corps, ordinarily somewhat small, numerically, swing down the main thoroughfare about fifty strong.

The town decided to investigate, and on coming within earshot of Colonel Adby's stentorian tones made the discovery that, besides the Territorial Commander of The Army being present with a detachment of Officers, the Officer and comrades of Ogdensburg Corps, New York, had arrived from across the river to lend a helping hand in this eventful occasion.

The Presbyterian Church had been made available by the kindness of the minister and church officials—and a grand edifice it is!

Mr. E. A. Cook, President of the Board of Trade, of Prescott, was in the chair. A choicely-worded presentation by the Divisional Commander brought the gentleman to his feet with expressions of regard for The Army and its world work, which were of the utmost cordiality.

### A Fascinating Theme

The Commissioner's topic was similar to that taken in two other centres—"The Future of The Salvation Army," but our Leader's thoughts and ideas concerning this fascinating theme are too numerous and varied to be compressed into one evening's recital; hence it retains a remarkable vividness and vigor.

Caught in the rapid flow of his utterances were entertaining glimpses of the banks of the Clyde, 101 Queen Victoria Street, Tokio, Vandaland, New Zealand, Australia, Sweden and Mashonaland, where, as the speaker mentioned, the General was now campaigning.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, our host on this occasion, moved a gracious vote of thanks.

The engagement at ambitious Prescott was easily one of the most successful of the tour. Well done, Captain Elsie Wells and Lieutenant Jean Bridle!

Scorching along the sun-swept highway, Staff-Captain Mundy brought the Commissioner's car to a standstill at the Belleville Citadel just in time for Mrs. Commissioner Hay to pilot a sociable little gathering with the Home League. It was the opening meeting of the season, and right proud were the Bellevillites, under Secretary Mrs. Brown, to have Mrs. Hay as their guest.

Introduced by Colonel Adby, Mrs. Hay quickly won a place in the hearts of the Sisters by her chatty remarks and womanly counsel, wherein two sisters of the New Testament were made the basis of her address.

### Spiritual Giants

This was also the first meeting, with the League of Mrs. Ensign Howlett, who, with her husband has been recently appointed to the Corps. Belleville is noted for its picturesque trees, which tower above the wondering beholder, rearing their leafy crowns in the air. Incidentally there are comrades in this fine provincial Corps which resemble such tree-giants in their spiritual girth and structure.

The Band was augmented by a contingent from Kingston, and their playing on the street (especially those sonorous double B's and euphos!) made the echoes of sedate Belleville ring and ring again.

Ensign Fred Howlett is energy personified, and he had left no stone unturned to make this assembly a bumping success. His work and hopes were not in vain. Two hundred people heard the Commissioner's lecture and thrilled to its vibrant, challenging note.

Mr. J. O. Herity, Chairman of the Board of Trade, eminently "filled the bill" as chairman.

"He hideth my soul," soloed Staff-Captain Hay, while Staff-Captain Mundy's vocal contribution was "My Task."

We thank God for His o'ershadowing Arm, which preserved the party from physical mishap, and granted grace and strength for the many strenuous engagements.—J.W.

Rally Day, in The Army's Young People's Work, is on Sun., Sept. 28

## "FEED MY LAMBS"

Christ's challenge to Peter confronts every Christian man and woman in our land. Rally Day presents an opportunity for its acceptance

By MAJOR SPOONER, the Territorial Young People's Secretary

**R**ALLY! The very word sounds the call to action. One senses in it the ring of the battle, the challenge of the race, the call to heroics, the urge to achievement.

RALLY on Rally Sunday, September 28th! Display your interest in the young, and the endeavors on their behalf. The call is sounding for workers in life's greatest harvest field. Is it not obvious to you that Salvation is the greatest asset a young boy or girl can possess. It fortifies them for the vicissitudes of life, guides them over the danger points on which so many stumble.

The most useful, adaptable, and far-reaching institution in the Christian Church to-day for the saving of the world is the Sunday School; in Salvation Army parlance, the Company meeting.

RALLY DAY is a reminder of the importance of our Young People's program, and the sacred obligation laid upon us by our Divine Master to save the young. "Peter, feed My lambs! Peter, feed My sheep!"

Some time ago a meek-looking man went up to the attendant at a bathing station, who was eating his lunch, and said:

"When you have finished I should like to have a word with you."

After ten minutes had passed, the attendant said: "What do you want?"

"My mother-in-law," he replied, "dived in off the deep end about twenty minutes ago, and she hasn't come up yet. Would you please lend me a lifebuoy to throw after her? I should not like it to be thought I was unkind."

In all seriousness, there is a grave danger of discharging one's responsibilities to the young in like fashion. Beware of neglecting your duties to the boys and girls.

On every hand Satan is busy. Per-

sistently, insidiously, and insidiously he works out his deathly plot for the damnation of the young: the theatre, the card party, the damning flask, the gaming dice, the drug needle, the giddy whirl of godless pleasure, the unsanctified ambition alluring the youth to the sacrifice of life on the altar of self and sin!

Satan and his servants have no vacation. Should the soldiers of Jesus be "on rest?" Should they idly stand on the banks of indifference? Rally Sunday sounds the clarion call to service for the Salvation of the young!

Men are needed, urgently, desperately needed in the Company meeting! The boys and young men cry out to their older brothers to champion their cause! Respond on Rally Day, become a Company Guard, a leader of the men of to-morrow!

Sisters are needed to supplement the noble company working for the Salvation of the girls. Rally Day is an appeal to you to repair the breaches. Workers drop by the way through sickness, others by age, some answer the great Summons. New leaders of the young are needed to take their places.

RALLY SUNDAY—a call to the service of the King! Energy flagged? Love grown cold? Zeal diminished? Hum-drum in your work, instead of original? Rally Day is the call to reconsecration, to renewed interest!

It comes as a tonic to the valiant, the worker of experience, the faithful in years, the in-season, out-of-season sower! It means greater things, richer sheaves to garner for the Master!

The influencing and inspiring of the young, the shepherding and gathering in of the absentee, the developing of every agency that will help to keep the young people under



the banner of our Lord is the purpose of this special occasion.

RALLY SUNDAY! — May the Spirit of God brood over The Army until all shall hear the loud, insistent cry, "Rally for the Salvation of the young and the advancement of the Young People's War!"

## BIG NIGHT AT WINDSOR

Officers of Division Participate in Private and Public Gatherings

On Thursday last the Officers of the Windsor Division assembled for Council, the first to be conducted by the new Divisional Commander, Staff-Captain Ham.

During the day Bible readings were given by Captain Mathews, of Dresden, and Captain Gray, of Ridgeway, and their words came to us freighted with blessing and inspiration. Throughout the day the Staff-Captain stressed the personal touch in our work for God, and his words, we feel sure, will bear fruit.

Of especial blessing were the seasons of waiting upon God. The Holy Spirit came mellowing each heart and touching with "a new touch of power" those bowed in supplication.

Between sessions the Windsor I Home League very kindly cared for the physical needs of the Officers.

Following a rousing Open-air in which all the Officers participated, a united meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain Ham in the Windsor I Citadel. Music was supplied by the Citadel Band and Songsters, and Envoy Jeffries, of Detroit, blessed us all by his singing and playing. Opportunity was taken to welcome to the Division Staff-Captain Coy, the new Subscribers' representative, who, with Mrs. Coy, has been appointed to the Windsor Division. This was also the Divisional farewell of Candidates Peter Kerr, of Windsor I, and Minnie Topolie, of Windsor III, who go to swell the ranks of the 1930-31 Session of Cadets. The meeting was brought to a climax with the dedication of the Candidates to God under the Blood and Fire.

## Welcomed to the Hamilton Division

A welcome meeting for the Officers who have recently come into the Hamilton Division was conducted in the Hamilton I Citadel on Wednesday evening by Brigadier Macdonald, assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson. Owing to the absence of many Officers during the furlough season, this has not been possible before.

Brigadier Macdonald introduced the new Officers. Field-Major Mercer, of Hamilton III, and Ensign Hart, of Guelph, spoke words of welcome. Captain Marske, of Niagara Falls II, and Adjutant Hart, of St. Catharines, thanked the comrades for the warm welcome accorded them.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson, our new Divisional Young People's Secretary, were also extended a hearty welcome. The Staff-Captain comes to us with a wide experience in the Young People's work, and we feel that great things are in store for the young folk of the Division. Both Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson's words of testimony and exhortation were of blessing and inspiration to all present.

During the evening the Hamilton I Band and Songsters rendered splendid service. Mrs. Brigadier Macdonald gave an inspiring address, which was listened to with interest.—E.P.



Officers of the Windsor Division. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ham are on the extreme left, and Staff-Captain and M. Coy on the extreme right

## We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

**HAUTER, Mrs. Martha (nee Stuckl)**—Came out from Switzerland in 1929. Last heard of from Clinton, Ontario. Age 24 years. Parents anxious for news.

**AUSTIN, Kathleen May**—Age 19 years; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark brown hair; large, dark brown eyes. Wore glasses. Thought to be in Toronto. Mother anxious for news.

**MOLLER, Louis Albert**—Age 27. Gave his address, in 1929, as General Delivery, Montreal. Was working as a tourist guide. Tall and fair. Born in Copenhagen. 18063

**SIMON, Jacob**—Born in Dusseldorf. Painter by trade. Has also been employed as a mounter fitter. Last heard of in Sudbury, April, 1928.

**WHEELER, Alfred**—Born in Hastings, England. Missing twenty years. Age about 63 years. When last heard of lived somewhere in Ontario. Only sister is anxious to locate him. 17637

**BRETT, Frederick**—When last heard of he was living in Port Arthur. Mother very anxious to locate. 17887

**ROBINSON Richard**—Height about 5 ft. 6 ins.; 150 pounds, dark complexion; blue eyes. Last heard of in Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Anyone knowing present whereabouts please communicate with The Salvation Army. 17918

**GRIFFIN, Claude**—Formerly worked for Mr. Gurneau, in Repentigny. Send his address to Mrs. Dorey, 1133 St. George Street, Montreal. 18020

**HOLE, Francis Thomas**—Age 56; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; brown hair; grey eyes; pale complexion. Goes by the name of Frank. Last heard of 1915. Born in Bristol; occupation, traveller; last known address was in Ontario. 18030

**EVENDEN, J. A.**—Last heard of in Montreal at the General Post. His whereabouts urgently sought. 18065

**MCDERMOTT, James**—Age 30; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; 140 pounds; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; born in Edinburgh. Scar on knee. Religious denomination, Roman Catholic. 18085

**DOMMELEN, Jan Van**—Born April 2nd, 1891. Dutch. Last known address, 210 Carlton Street, Toronto. Wife, in Holland, very anxious to hear from him. 18137

**HANNAH, John**—Age 40; tall; dark wavy hair, turning grey; blue eyes; grocery clerk by occupation. Last heard of in Schumacher, Ontario. Please write. Wife worried over his silence. 18140

**NOBLE, Mr.**—Age 59; height 5 ft. 7½ ins.; light hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Painter and paperhanger by trade. Brother, living in Gainsborough, very anxious to get in touch with him. 18154

**GREENBAUM, Harry Louis**—Born Hempstead, London, England. Thought to be about 34 years of age. Last heard of seventeen years ago. Father, Lazarus H. Greenbaum, died New York City, January 25th, 1930. It will be to the son's interest to communicate J. F. Rinsland, 315 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, New York, or Salvation Army, Toronto. 18167

**LILLEY, Albert Scott**—Last heard of three years ago; was supposed to have lived in St. Catharines, Ontario. 18169

**BORGAN, Thorvald**—Age 47 years; average height; blonde; blue eyes. Last heard of in 1924. Born in Lier, Norway. Single. Mother very anxious for news. 18177

**BREAU, John S.**—Dark complexion; hazel eyes; black hair; grey at sides; lump over right eye. Age 54; height 5 ft. 4½ ins.; 152 pounds. Left Fredericton about two months ago. Wife anxious for news. 18178

**BECQUET, Victor**—Born in Belgium, April 29th, 1899; designer by occupation. Left home to go to office February 6th, last, but never returned. Parents and wife anxious for news. 18180

**FRITZ, William**—Age 37; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; 155 pounds; black hair; grey eyes. Left hand crippled. Left home, Barnes Mills, Ohio, June 17th, 1930, to seek work. Believed to have gone to wheat fields in Canada. Wife and parents very anxious to communicate. 18188

**McVEY, Thomas Palmer**—Age 36; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; 130 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; ruddy complexion. Born in Glasgow, Scotland. Butterfly tattooed on right arm, under elbow. Missing five years. 18189

**KNOPELI, Ernest**—Blue eyes; fair hair; occupation, cook. Left his home November, 1927, and thought to have come to Canada. 18201

## SALVATION ARMY CALENDAR-ALMANAC

For  
1931

This is a wonderful production from our own Printing Department and probably the finest piece of art printing done by them. In our store window will be seen the Calendar in its various stages of production. It contains daily Scripture portions, beautifully-colored plates, and interesting and helpful information.

Agents are advised to see the local Corps Officer who will furnish full information. It will be bought up rapidly by the public. The selling price is astonishingly low, a modest 25¢.

### SOME CONGRESS SUGGESTIONS



Books, Bibles, Uniform, Instruments, Rank Stripes and Badges, Book Marks, Mottoes, Hats, Bonnets, Caps, Music, Crimson or Blue Vests, Tambourines, Life-Saving Scout and Guard Equipment, Brooches and Corps Cadet Badges and Pins for Higher and Lower Grade, Tri-colored Ribbon.

### HARVEST FESTIVAL SERVICE OF SONG

Just the thing you have been looking for, and just in time for your special Harvest Celebrations.

This booklet is entitled "SOWING AND REAPING." The Service of Song does not require a great deal of practice. The price is 35c., postpaid

Work such as that which The Salvation Army is engaged in must necessitate "TAKING UP THE COLLECTION." We will help you by providing you with a splendid wooden collection plate that will be an attraction in itself. Can be had 8, 9, and 10 inches in size, finished in light wood with green baize base. We will gladly send you prices.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO:

**THE TRADE SECRETARY**  
20 ALBERT STREET - TORONTO

## Now for a Good Sing!

### "Just As I Am"

Just as I am—without one plea  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark spot—  
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse each blot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise, I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

### "Precious Promise"

Precious promise God hath given  
To the weary passer by,  
All the way from earth to Heaven,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye,"

#### Chorus

"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye;  
All the way from earth to Heaven,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee:  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When thy secret hopes have perished  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished:  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die,  
Hear thy trusty Leader calling;  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

### "The March and Mooch of Life"

BY A "WAR CRY" HERALD  
Rising and rising all along the way,  
Reaping the harvest of the good deed done,

And watching in the sundown of your day  
The upward progress of the souls you've won;

Knowing that every "War Cry" you have sold  
Bears interest in this life at cent. per cent.,

Yet that the true result will not be told  
Until yourself in Heaven you present.

And when you take a look along the way  
That you have trod, you'll see that man fares best

Who, spite of opposition in his day,  
Still sold "The War Cry" and was richly blest.

Such men are rich because their eyes have seen  
The glory of mankind reclaimed from sin;

Such men are blest because their feet have trod  
The paths of service, sin-bound souls to win.

Dropping and dropping — how can we forgive  
The ones who pass by some unhappy man

And show him not the way to truly live,  
Which in the pages of the "Cry" he'd scan!

Sitting at evening in the sunset-land,  
Such slackers will regret the chances gone;

Will grieve that they spent days of service grand,  
Dropping and dropping, and just mooching on.



# The World as we see it

## A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

### TAGORE'S IDEAL MAN

**M**ORE real than the individual man, the ideal man surpasses each of us in his permeating personality which is transcendental (said Dr. Rabindranath Tagore in a recent speech). The procession of his ideas following his great purpose ever moves across the path of obstructing facts toward the perfected truth. We, the individuals, who have our place in humanity as a whole may or may not be in conscious harmony with its purpose as a whole. We may even put obstacles in the path way of true human progress, bringing down our own doom upon ourselves. This if it ever happens to us is irreligion. But true religion is gained by us when we consciously co-operate with the supreme man in us, and find our exceeding joy even through suffering and sacrifice on humanity's behalf. For through our own love for the ideal man we are made conscious of a great love that radiates from the Supreme Spirit Himself."

### TO THE POLE BY "SUB"

**T**O the North Pole by submarine, is the next stupendous undertaking in the realm of exploration. Sir Hubert Wilkins, the English explorer, who not long since conducted an expedition to the South Pole, has definitely announced his intention of exploring the North Pole in an American submarine. The expedition is scheduled to set out next May, and will make Spitzbergen the starting-point of the voyage across the Pole to Alaska. The two-thousand-mile voyage will take fifty days to complete in the submarine.

The advantage in this type of craft, as the explorer points out, is in being able to submerge when ice blocks appear. He estimates that the average thickness of the ice will be ten feet, but figures that it may be necessary to submerge to a depth of twenty-five feet.

The submarine has been constructed for remaining below the ice for two and one-half days at a time. The speed is fourteen knots on the surface and nine knots submerged, but the average rate of speed will probably be under this.

The scientists and crew will number eighteen altogether and will be international in character, comprising British, American, German and Dutch nationalities.

One of the objects of the expedition is to prove the feasibility of landing provisions at the Pole, thus advancing greatly the possibility of maintaining a depot all the year round.

### A WILD SEA OF LAVA

Weird and Impressive Scene in Iceland

**"B**EFORE long, we reached the top of the pass, and I looked over one of the weirdest and most impressive scenes I ever remember (writes Mrs. Murray Chapman in her new book "Across Iceland"). Below, stretching away as far as eye could see, was a wild unbroken sea of lava, terminating to the left in a distant ridge of blue hills on the horizon. Between the ridge of hills on which I was standing and the vast desert beyond there was a flat surface of baked sand seamed and cracked in places and leading in the centre to a series of solfataras—small craters out of which puffed great clouds of steam.

"Having walked our ponies from the top of the pass down to the level we were unable to take them any further, the ground ahead being unsafe and very hot in places . . .

"I had no wish to disappear suddenly through the thin crust over which we were walking! The ground was in a constant state of tremor and was punctured with cracks, out of which issued thin coils of steam. It is said that another eruption around Wrafla may be expected at any time; and, judging by the boiling ferment which I could feel seething under the trembling crust over which we were cautiously walking, I should imagine the time will not be long ahead!

"After peeping at the boiling grey mixture in one of the smaller craters, or mud cauldrons as they are called, we crept as near as we dared to the big central one, where we were almost choked by evil-smelling sulphur fumes. As I peered, awed and fascinated, into the black and steaming depths of this great cauldron, it suddenly threw up some boiling fragments of mud and lava, and started to spurt and sizzle in such an alarming manner that I thought it best to beat a hasty retreat.

### FUNCTION OF BIOGRAPHY

Misleading Methods of New Biographers

**M**R. LIONEL M. GELBER, a brilliant young University student, who was a senior student in History at Toronto University, and is now a Rhodes scholar, at Oxford, England, has written a forceful article on the misleading methods of new biographers. He claims that to specialize in chronicling beguiling incidents and events may be interesting gossip, but that it is not history or biography:

"It is the function of biography to indicate how far-reaching, rough-hewn social forces come to bear the impress of great personalities who chisel and shape them precisely as Michael Angelo perfected his formless material; to show that without a Julius Caesar, a Charlemagne, a Luther, a Calvin, a Cromwell, a Chatham, a Washington, a Napoleon, the course of history would inexorably have been different because instead of converging in them it would have been diffused.

And it is the wonderful power of great personalities to tame and hold in leash the unsubdued, political, social, economic and spiritual elements of their time and place that the New Biographers show few signs of appreciating.

"In making man the measure of all things the least they can do is to measure him at his highest and to paint man as he means most to history, in relation to his ideals. If biography must condemn, as often it must, let it condemn for the things by which posterity was affected, not for the transient foible or isolated adventure that is not woven into the insubstantial fabric of which civilization is wrought."

### AN EDITOR'S DREAM

"I dream now" (says John H. Finley, Associate Editor, New York Times), "of a newspaper, not especially for youth, but one fit for youth as well as age, fit to be carried into any schoolhouse and there used as a textbook, a history in the present tense, a history which will bring the past into the present and help the present to see where the next day's march should lead."

### BRIDGING THE SEA

One of the most wonderful railway journeys in Europe is that from Hamburg to Gothenburg by Copenhagen, when the train is carried on ferry steamers across the Little Belt, the Great Belt, and the Sound, and so crosses the mouth of the great Baltic Sea.

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## The Medicine Man's "Magic"

Many Medical Discoveries Anticipated by African Savages

**M**ANY discoveries in tropical medicine were anticipated, it is claimed, long ago, by the African medicine man—the "rheumy-eyed old gentlemen found in the backveld kraals."

In "homa", or malaria, for instance, the great scourge of man in Africa, the medicine man made notable discoveries. He knew, generations before Sir Ronald Ross drove the fact home to our incredulous world of science of thirty years ago, not only that malaria is transmitted by the bite of the mosquito, but that the fever was caused by minute organisms and that the prophylactic for it was quinine.

At the time when science was averring that malaria was caused by inhaling the gases from swamps and marshes, the old medicine man, crouching over his steaming pot of herbs and roots, had linked that whining pest of the sunset, "mbu", as the mosquito is called, with what the kraalsfolk would describe as "millions and millions of tiny insects in one's blood."

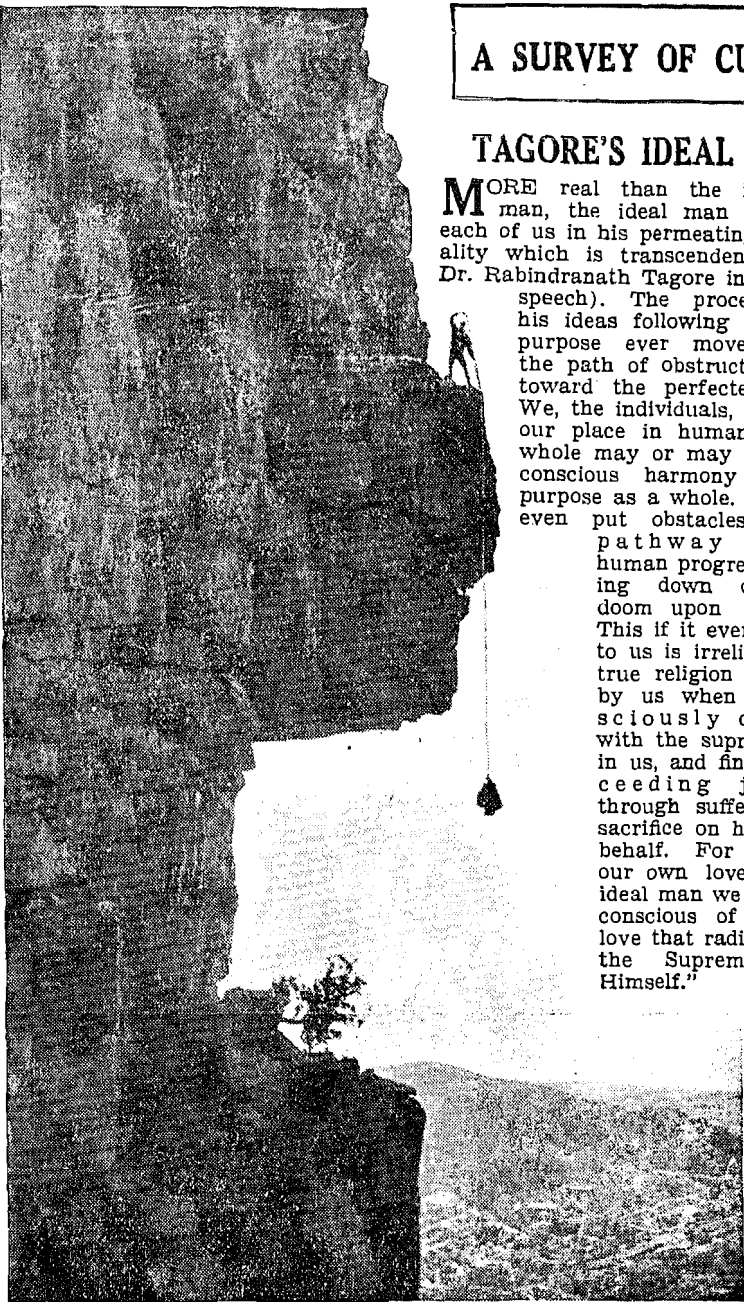
The savage of course had no conception of the malaria plasmodium as such, but he had puzzled out that there seemed to be "things" in his

blood which made him writhe and itch with fever. For want of a better name he called them "vidudu", which means anything "insecty".

The medicine men were not baffled to discover a "dawa" for this insect-fever. They discovered the bark of a forest tree, shredded it, pounded and crushed it, infused it in water, slaughtered black goats to the gods to imbue it with magic, muttered incantations over it by the light of the full moon; mixed it with strange things, the blood of enemies slain in the battle, the ground, burned bones of lions, the crushed bodies of mosquitoes—the inflictors of the ill; and this great medicine was strong, bitter and black to the taste—for it was quinine!

What flash of genius (like the inspiration that urged Ross, Lister, and Pasteur) could have moved some half-naked medicine man, strung with his girdles of gourds and charms, as he trod awesomely down some forest trail, to prize off with his raw iron knife the bark of the cinchona, we shall never know.

Suffice it, that infusions of cinchona bark became the medicine man's magic "dawa" for the insect-fever of "mbu," the biter.



Climbing Table Mountain, South Africa, with the temperature 103 in the shade! The picture shows a climber, on the way up Yellowstone Corner, hanging his rucksack over an "overhang" to demonstrate the vertical line

## CORPS CADETS' RALLY At Toronto I

**Y**OUTHFUL spirits, teeming with activity, desirous to do something worth-while, thronged the Toronto I Citadel on Wednesday last. The occasion was the first of a series of Corps Cadet Rallies, in the West Toronto Division, and the feature at this united gathering was the welcome of the new Territorial Young People's Secretary, Major Spooner, and his good wife.

Representative speakers, on behalf of various branches of the Young People's work in the Division voiced greetings to the guests of the evening. Two other members of the Young People's Department at Territorial Headquarters were also extended a hearty welcome, namely Captains Bloss and Lindores.

The Corps Cadets were particularly interested in Ensign Barr, who, with Mrs. Barr, is furloughing in Canada after a lengthy period of service in Japan. His words were listened to with keen avidity.

Lt.-Colonel McAmmond piloted the proceedings during the evening, and was ably supplemented by the genial Divisional Young People's Secretary, Adjutant Green.

During the course of the service, Major Spooner presented seventy-six certificates of merit to the Corps Cadets.

## GIVING A HAND

**LINDSAY** (Adjutant and Mrs. Bond)—Ensign and Mrs. Wood and Ensign and Mrs. Gage, who were furloughing at Fenelon Falls, conducted a Sunday meeting at Lindsay. Ensign Gage, a former Corps Officer, led the meeting. Mrs. Gage spoke, Ensign and Mrs. Wood sang a duet, and Mrs. Wood took the lesson. We were truly blessed.

Ensign Whitehead from St. John, and her father, Sergeant-Major Whitehead, and Envoy Brokenshire from Fenelon Falls, assisted while our Officers were on furlough.

The House of Refuge service on Sunday last was conducted by League of Mercy Sergeant-Major Mrs. Whitehead, Adjutant Bond, and Sister Carew. Eight seekers gave themselves to God. The Harvest Festival Effort is going well.—I Bee.

## BACKSLIDERS RETURN

**TWEED** (Ensign Wood, Lieutenant Wilder)—We had Staff-Captain Richards with us last week-end. We went to two Outposts on Saturday night to spread the Good News.

On Sunday night we rejoiced to see three backsliders come home to God.—Dauntless.

## HOME LEAGUE NOTES

**BYNG AVENUE** (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Poulton)—Byng Avenue Home League held their "re-opening" recently. Mrs. Adjutant McBain conducted the meeting. There were twenty members present and a very happy time was spent. Mrs. McBain's talks and her solos were thoroughly helpful.

## THIRTY-EIGHT SEEKERS

[By Wire]

**OTTAWA I** (Ensign and Mrs. Mundy)—Revival Fires have broken out at Ottawa I. We rejoiced when we finished at midnight, Sunday, with over thirty-eight seekers at the Mercy-seat. Major and Mrs. McElhiney were on the bridge.

## Latest Stories from the Police Court

**Leader of Notorious Gang — Judge's Pity — What Was It? — Disappeared—Catastrophe Avoided—Sin's Retribution—A "Rough-House"—"Be Sure —"**

**S**IXTEEN times had Peter been in the Juvenile Court, for petty thefts and other crimes. His mother was dead, and though the hard-working father did his level best with the youngster, the court record showed his lamentable need of a mother's guiding hand. He was leader of a notorious gang, and the instigator of dare-devil stunts that kept the neighborhood on the qui vive.

On Peter's seventeenth appearance before the law he was no longer a juvenile, and went into the Criminal court. His offence called for two years at the "Pen," and at the thought of it he became fearful.

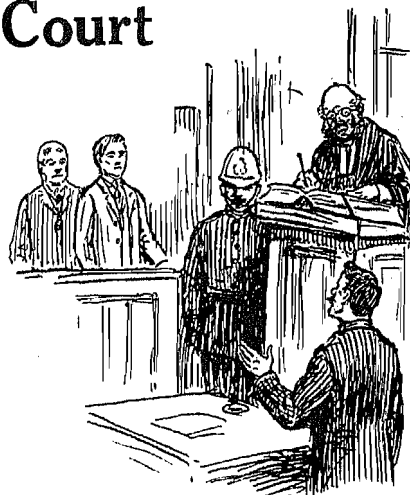
The Judge rather pitied the wayward youth, however, and remanded him to The Army for two years. Every few days he has to report, and on the occasion of the Scribe's last interview with the Police Court Officer he stated that the lad had alto-

gether ceased his gangdom tactics, and was settling steadily down to work.

Was it a dearth of will-power, or lack of proper moral training at home that brought about the downfall of Miss M—? It is hard to decide. At any rate, after she had been in the city for some time, making a satisfactory impression upon her mistress the while, she suddenly disappeared. The mistress was at a loss; what could she do?

Shortly after, an Army Officer called upon her and then she learned of M's waywardness.

Bad associates had tempted her. Resistance was broken down, and she said "Yes" where "No" should have been the emphatic reply. Result: deep trouble for M—, the loss of her position, and very nearly a jail term. This latter catastrophe was only avoided when the uniformed Salvationist sis-



ter stepped in and volunteered to look after the unhappy girl.

M—has learned her lesson and, we understand, is now doing very nicely under The Army's supervision.

The inevitability of sin's revelation came with renewed intensity to B—the other day. The Army Police Court Officer interested himself in the young man, and when he was sent to prison, the case was followed down by the Officer who looks after that side of affairs.

The young man gave the Officer his boarding house address, and requested him to secure his wearing apparel, and hold it until his release.

What a revelation the Officer received from the owner of the lodging place.

"I never want to see that fellow here again," he said. "He brought a girl here; we thought she was his wife, but she wasn't, and, well, they carried on a veritable rough-house in their rooms all night, with strange men coming and going. Here's his clothes—and he'll never show his face here again!"

Next Sunday, in his morning talk with the prisoners, the Officer dwelt with force on the theme, "Be sure your sins will find you out." It was strong, to the point and went straight to the young man's heart. He has not yet taken Christ as his Saviour, but he is thinking, thinking more seriously, perhaps, than he ever thought before! The Army will continue to be interested in him, and our women Officers are trying to help the young woman with whom he was associated, and who is in a women's prison. Perhaps, at a later date, we may be able to report the conversion of one or both!

## IN THE VILLAGES

**GALT** (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)—Staff-Captain Wilson, our Divisional Young People's Secretary, conducted the meetings last week-end. He visited the young people at Directory Class and gave them a talk. In the afternoon the Open-air was held in Soper Park, where a large crowd gathered. At night the Staff-Captain conducted a stirring meeting.

During the Summer months our Sunday afternoon meetings have been held in the Park, where great crowds have gathered to hear the message and enjoy the music and song. The Band has had no practice for about six weeks, devoting their time instead to visiting little neighboring villages, and, assisted by the Sisters, have been able to tell out the story of the Cross by music, and and testimony.—D.D.

**UXBRIDGE** (Ensign Wright, Lieutenant Keefe)—On a recent Sunday evening we had with us Deputy-Bandmaster Saunders, of Danforth. His lesson was very inspirational. Much blessing was experienced by all.—Seekay.

# TERRITORIAL CONGRESS

in

## TORONTO

Conducted by

## COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY

Assisted by

**The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin from Newfoundland**

The Headquarters Staff and Field and Social Officers of all Divisions, exclusive of the Maritimes, will be present

## A GRAND WELCOME

in the

## MASSEY HALL

on

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10**

## GREAT Y.P. DEMONSTRATION

In THE MASSEY HALL

on **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11**

## A GLORIOUS SALVATION SUNDAY

in the

## MASSEY HALL

on

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12**

## RECORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL

at THE ARENA

on **MONDAY, OCTOBER 13**

**MONDAY AND TUESDAY (Oct. 13-14)**

**WEDNESDAY (Oct. 15)**

**OFFICERS' COUNCIL**

**STAFF COUNCIL**

**Pray for a Great Spiritual Baptism on All Attending**